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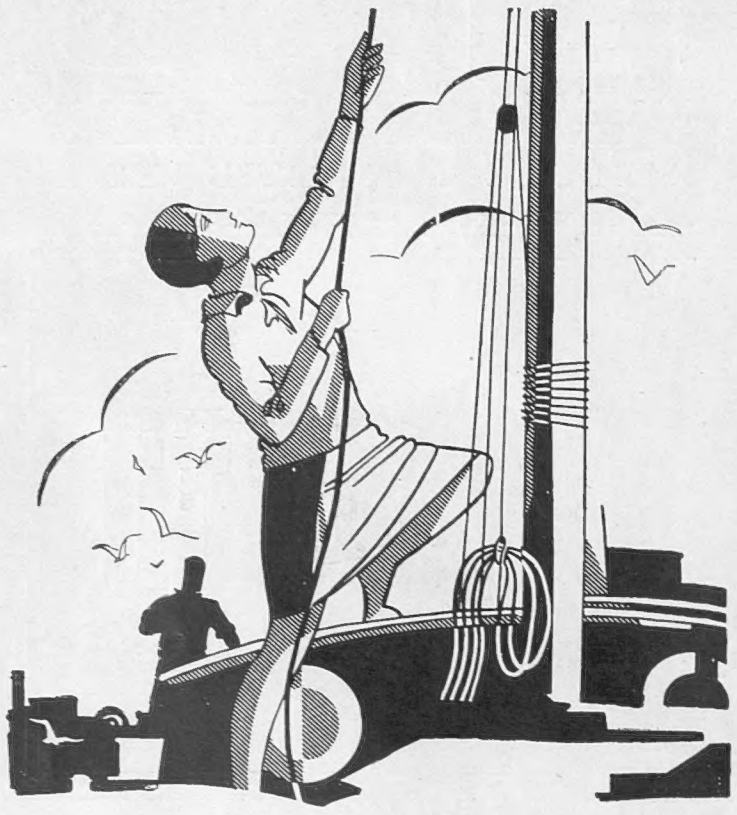

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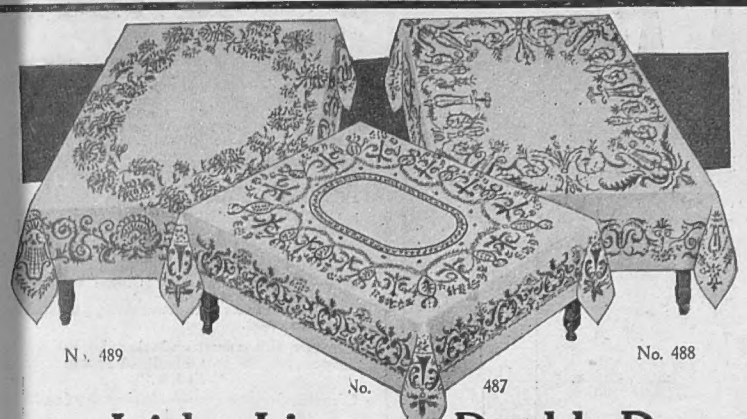

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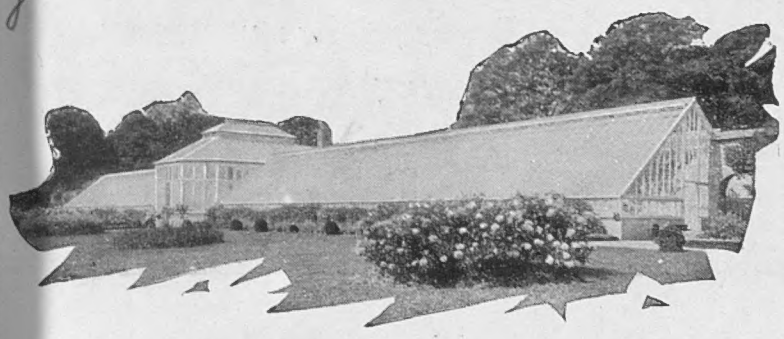

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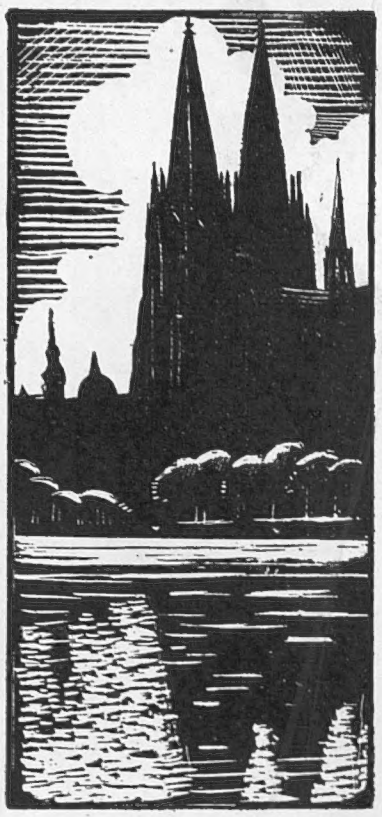

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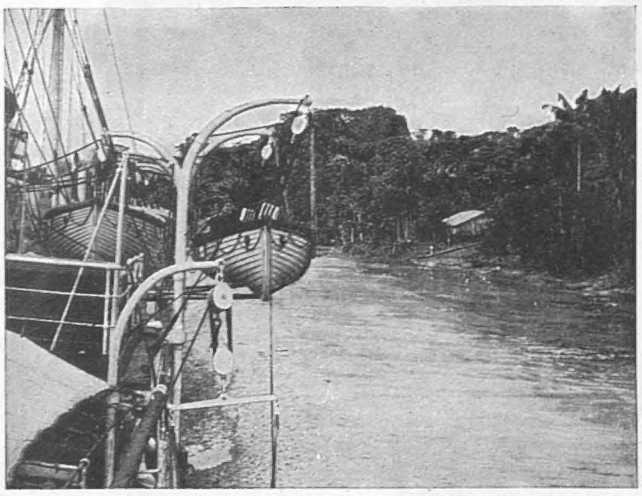

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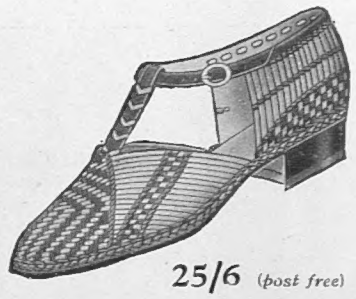

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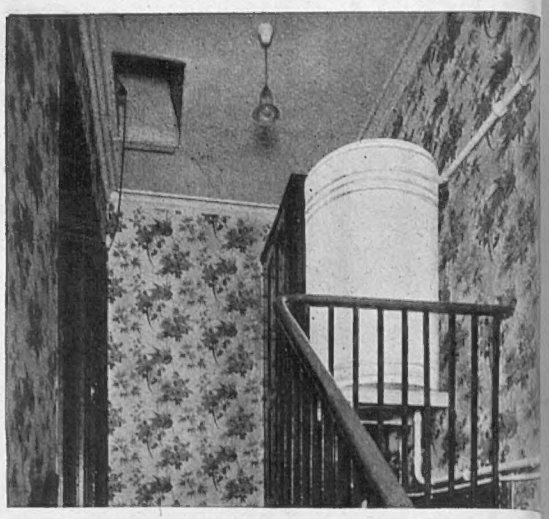

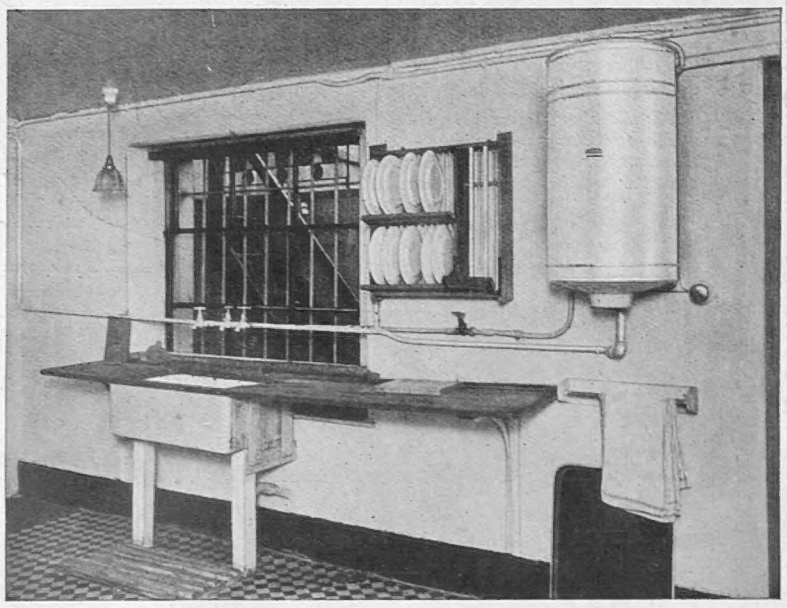

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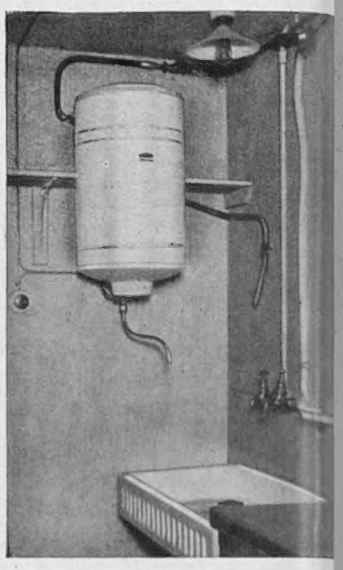

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Volume CXXII. No. 1589 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, July 5, 1930

THE GREATEST THRILL in the R.A.F. PAGEANT

To drop from a falling aeroplane into space is unquestionably the most nerve-testing experience that falls to the lot of mortal man. Yet last Saturday at Hendon parachute descents were carried out with a precision bordering on the incredible. The method of parachuting demonstrated above—note the firm grasp of the ring—is that employed only on practice occasions, for when one is escaping from a wrecked machine one drops like a bullet while counting three before pulling the ring to release the life-saving device. By this means one avoids the danger of tangling one's tackle in the falling 'plane. When, however, an exhibition is being held, the parachute is allowed partially to open before the take-off, as shown in the second picture.

A London Newsletter

FIGHTING TEAMS AT ONE: No happier symbolization of the spirit of the Test Matches than this picture can be conceived—the ardent teams facing one another almost in battle array, both yielding allegiance to the Sovereign who graciously commanded the contestants should be presented to him. The inclusion of K. S. Duleepsinhji had thus a significance, happily not only in the cricketing but in the Imperial sense

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, July 2, 1930.

A Momentous Week.—Was ever such a week as last week for a rare display of political courage, a rare honouring of convictions? There is too much to tell, too much to digest. There is Mr. Baldwin's unequivocal frankness—a blow struck for the dignity of politics, for the honour of the Constitution, the old Limehouse way. There are the Indian recommendations, justified to the hilt by the clearest facts, and honestly put forward without fear of the gravest consequences, to wit, the unequivocal hostility of every sect and creed and race in India. There is the stand taken by the Lords against complete subservience to the Commons, again an honourable stand taken in defence of the Constitution. The thunderstorms of last week have cleared the air. It has not been so clear for years. At such a moment the epic theme of the battlefields of Wimbledon and St. John's Wood must take a back place for once.

A Conservative Rally.—I had indeed begun to think that of the younger Conservatives who made some sort of a name for themselves in the last Government, the best had lost their seats and the rest their senses. For months the Conservative Party—that promised Opposition which was to show what an inspired and intelligent Opposition can still be—has stood out in its failure and futility, lacking keenness, spirit, purpose, inspiration, vision. But last week's doings have changed the face of Conservatism. First comes Mr. Chamberlain—one of the few living *Socialists* who combine administrative ability and experience with balance—to take in hand the Augean stables. The fact that Mr. Baldwin was pleased to describe the post as a "thankless one" seemed at first sight to show that Mr. Baldwin is tired, very tired indeed. The fact that as big a gun as Mr. Chamberlain had been invited to fill the bill of Chairman—to succeed a gun of such moderate calibre as Mr. Davidson—seemed to show that Mr. Baldwin knows that he is tired.

A Stepping Stone.—Lord Lloyd is a peer. If Lord Lloyd—another big gun—had been chosen to fill the bill, the significance of the appointment would have been infinitely less. It is impossible not to feel that the Chairmanship of the Conservative Party has for a time at least become a stepping stone instead of a niche. Meanwhile Mr. Chamberlain is faced with an Augean stable. He has tackled Herculean labours before. His record as Minister of Health is not forgotten. He is looked to again to build and rebuild, to cut out rottenness, to restore hope to depressed and disillusioned workers, to let in air, to lay out straight paths, to restore the Conservative cause and party to an A1 from a C3 standard. It is up to him—having set his hand to the plough — to forget his conditions, limiting himself to a certain number of furrows, to forget that fatal epithet applied by the Party Leader to the cause—*thankless*.

Tired, Am I?—The Conservative leader certainly seemed a tired man on the eve of the great Conservative Party meeting. But he had his reserves in hand; the long smouldering fires, nursed but repressed, of an essentially personal (no less than public) hatred of the hidden hand in the Press which has never ceased to persecute him, burst suddenly out and Mr. Baldwin's righteous fury carried him to a personal triumph and the unanimous acclamation of his rallying supporters. One dare not minimize the personal side of the triumph. It cannot be said that the Party henceforward marches on, united in rank and of one mind. Still the policy remains nebulous, still the referendum question must collect its groups and form its camps. And what are Mr. Baldwin's feelings about that referendum? No life-long conviction: he clutched at it as at a hen-coop, to save his party from sinking, and he holds to it because the "honest politician" must never change his mind, must ever dread the charge of inconsistency! He is perfectly free today to let it go. Free, because Sir Robert Horne clearly voiced the majority view of the party, free because the only charges of inconsistency against Mr. Baldwin in the next few months can come from those sections of the Press which cannot fail to be "suspect" in any criticism of Mr. Baldwin, at any rate while the sensation remains in the public mind. Both he and Mr. George seem anxious to keep it there.

A Private Triumph.—To a private person so frank an attack on the Hearst type of Press-tyrant must always seem very much like taking a steam hammer to smash a butterfly; once done, it should not be repeated or it grows vulgar. But Lord Beaverbrook is in a different category. He is something very much more important than a Press-lord. We treat the Hearsts of the world as a tasteless joke, and utterly despise all who forget their inconsistencies, believe their lies, and enjoy their vulgar sensations. But a public man cannot so lightly dismiss them, for their readers are many, and every one of them is a voter. England's franchise problem is like India's. We too have about 2 per cent. of the population capable of making a proper use of a vote. So Mr. Baldwin burst his shackles and said in public what he has for years been saying in private, told the full tale of his loathing of the Press-lords. It is good that the Party has unanimously confirmed their faith in Baldwin the man. He deserved it. It would be better if it could have unanimously agreed on a new and clearly defined policy under Baldwin the statesman. They have not yet done that. But the drooping spirits of the young Conservatives may now revive. The Party is not dead. See Shettleston. Indeed (in my view), in the near future it will revive again, and in that revival Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Chamberlain will play the two chief rôles.

The Commission's Recommendations.—The plain man's first conclusion after reading Part II of the Indian Report is that every Anglo-Indian on the active list must feel that his career there, so far from being cut short, is only beginning, and that his opportunities for useful service are enormously enhanced, as great as ever they were in the days of John Company. For that is what the four guiding principles of this Report imply. For years to come responsibilities, never so heavy, must fall on British administrators, while slowly, ever guided, ever safeguarded, by British brains and British resources, India evolves into a federation of self-governing States forming as a whole a unit of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Breathing unanimity among all shades of opinion on the Commission, the Report convinces us of its stark, glaring, obvious sense. There is no longer room for argument that any justification but the fulfilment of a purblind commitment existed for these unwisely advertized, full-dress investigations, this weak compromise which has half liberated the cat, only to pull it back into the bag. Never again must we go back on the articles of our creed for India's evolution.

An Anglo-Indian's Testimonial.—The way to self-government is by federation. Each province must gradually become mistress in her own house. And ultimately not only British India but the States also must form a new State of the British Commonwealth. This means the end of Dyarchy and the end of all dreams of self-government on Westminster lines. The application of the Westminster way to the conflicting aspirations and myriad distinctions of a gigantic Babel may be left as a hobby-horse to be ridden by the mischievous wives of Socialist Ministers. The detachment of Burma, the constitutionalizing of the North-West Frontier, are matters of immediate action. The extraordinary facts of military recruitment revealed in the first part of the Report show how immensely important the British element in the Indian forces must continue to be for years to come.

The Colonial Conference.—If the important Colonial Conference were a new theatrical show—which it isn't—it would have been unfortunate in its "opening night." It was utterly overshadowed by the Simon Report (Part II), and by the Conservative Party reformation, and passed almost unnoticed. But it merits our closest interest as a prelude to the Imperial Conference. The sum of the Crown Colonies and Mandated Territories has the same area as British India, and even one-third of India represents a large portion of the earth. And here indeed is a strange reflection. A few decades hence—one does not dare to prophesy how many—the federal States of India may well be gathering round a table to discuss the same agenda, to solve the same problems which to-day confront these older units. If the agenda at first sight strikes one as of less moment than he expected, let him remind himself that even a common arrangement for censorship of films shown among the native populations will, if achieved, end an immeasurable evil, an influence which is undermining our authority and good name in many parts of the Empire. As for the proposals for unifying the Colonial Services, these are as important as they are contentious; at any rate their discussion is likely to lead to the greater efficiency of individual services. Above all, the Colonial Conference is important as an opportunity for the exchange of views by the Empire's servants in the far corners of the earth and for the *esprit de corps*—the sense of empire—which such an official symposium cannot fail to evoke.

"Each Glowing Maid."—Last week began for me my carnival of sport. I can't keep away from Wimbledon, I can't leave the pavilion top at Lord's. The lure of Wimbledon for me is, firstly, the ladies, secondly the men's doubles. Those glowing damsels, so exactly the counterpart of perfectly trained fillies lining out for the Oaks, do indeed produce a very agreeable sensation in my middle-aged breast. Miss Joan Ridley, Mrs. Whittingstall, Mlle Sigart, Fräulein Aussem, and the rest—they are all so different and all so vital, exuberant, triumphant, modern. They make the poor m look like dough. Even Tilden. T Frenchmen—bar Borotra—are by natu colourless and unutterably sad. But give them their due, the men excel in t doubles. Give me Hughes and C against Kingsley and Co., with Hugh unconventionally scooping back t slashes with both hands—I had thoug that I only played with two hands—t volleys, the smashes, the cannon-b service and lightning returns. It is ve stimulating, but cricket is apparently t game for an Englishman still.

The Poetry of Cricket.—I have se many Test matches and sometimes for hour or so the play could be describ truly, not conventionally, as "thrilling But without doubt thrilling is the rig epithet to describe the first half hou play in the Second Test. Fifty runs the first half hour and Woolley doing i What more could gourmet ask? It w most curious to feel the universal retu to earth when the redoubtable Hendre at length succeeded to such artists Woolley, Hammond, and Duleepsinh who all three made their runs not wi strokes but with poems, magic passe Olympian gestures. Not that I underra our sterling Hendren. He too, that da had a foot on the asphodel of Olympu What an appetizer for luncheon that fir two hours' play was. There was not a old stager in the pavilion who did not giv that day's cricket best, with those poe batting and those artists fielding an summer smiling down. Then, as is onl fair, Bradman and Co. had a little tur at the wicket, during which the spot-ligh never left Chapman!

Henley.—Henley is upon us, and th Eton and Harrow which gives the warn ing note to incorrigible lovers of th London Season is in the offing. Ther are only five competitors in the big race the Grand. How many years since ther has been so paltry an entry, with n foreign competitors? The America crews have gone for the Thames Cup which has a record entry of thirty. I the picturesque item, the Ladies, ther are nine schools and eleven colleges almost half and half. As ever, th stewards refuse to increase the attraction of Henley, which need improving, b dividing schools from colleges in th preliminary heats. By the luck of th draw two colleges must be eliminate and two schools, as a result of ante-date heats, to relieve congestion, and thes will be inter-college and inter-schoo races. The programme does not en courage the hope of a very lively meetin this year. I find rowing men somewha deficient in imagination. The public thoroughly spoiled by the thrills en gineered by those who organize the gre fixtures in other sports. Henley is cuttin its own throat. THE OLD STAGER.

STILL AT THE TORY HELM: Mr. Baldwi who has so far withstood (with the a of Sir Robert Horne) the attempts o the Press Lords, Beaverbrook an Rothermere, to oust him from th leadership of his Party

THE HORSE plays his PART

POLO AT HURLINGHAM: RIDING AT OLYMPIA: RUNNING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: STANDING AT HENDON

ROYAL ENTHUSIASM: King Alfonso XIII of Spain watches the match for the Champion Cup Final at Hurlingham. The "Habsburg lip" characteristic of his House is in marked evidence above

THE KING OF SPORTS: A general view of the match at Hurlingham when the Hurricanes beat Goulburn (Australia) in the final of the Champion Cup. *Above*—The Prince of Wales in the ring at the Horse Show, Olympia, after presenting the Prince of Wales's Cup to the winning team

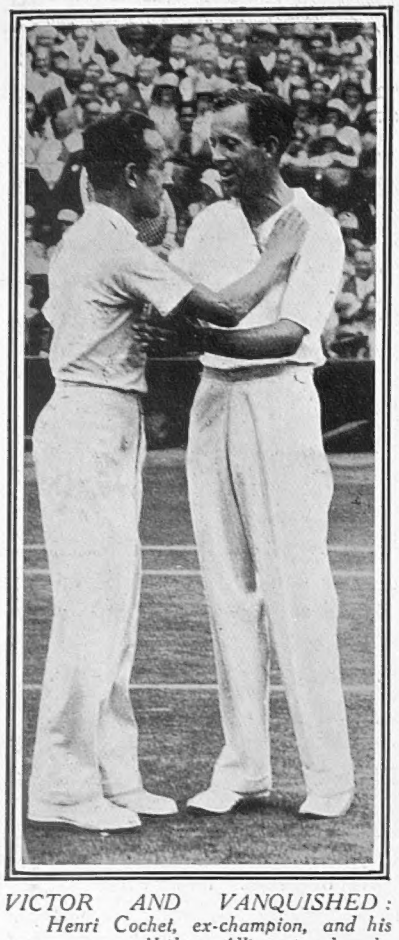
HURRICANES 9, GOULBURN 7: The King of Spain presented the cup to the victorious team

WINNING THE RELAY: V. E. Morgan (Achilles) victorious in the triangular contest between the L.A.C., Cambridge University, and Dominion Students

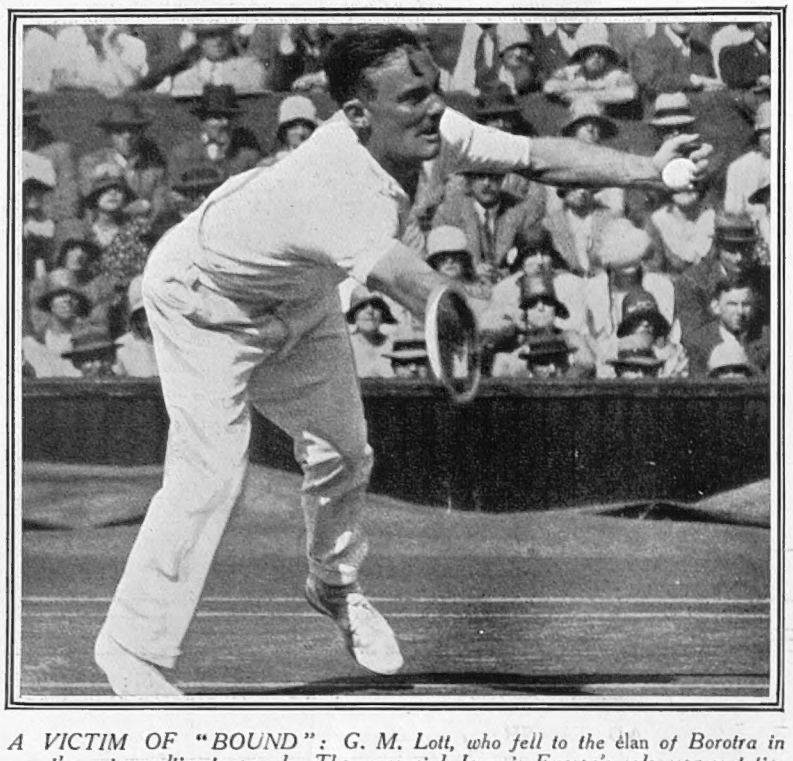
HOW LONDON GOES HOME: A scene at Colindale Station after the R.A.F. Air Pageant last Saturday. The performance was a miracle of efficiency and organization but so great was the press that, despite the care taken, the cars were Derby-like at departure

WIMBLEDON WINS and

Stars in the Ascendant and Descendan

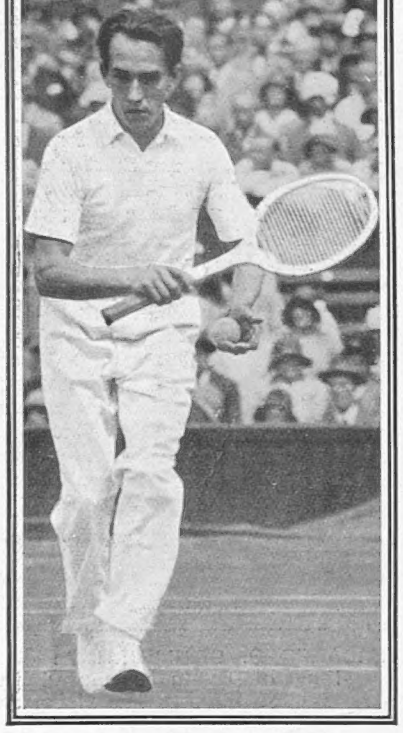


VICTOR AND VANQUISHED: Henri Cochet, ex-champion, and his conqueror, Wilmer Allison, to whom he paid generous tribute after the match

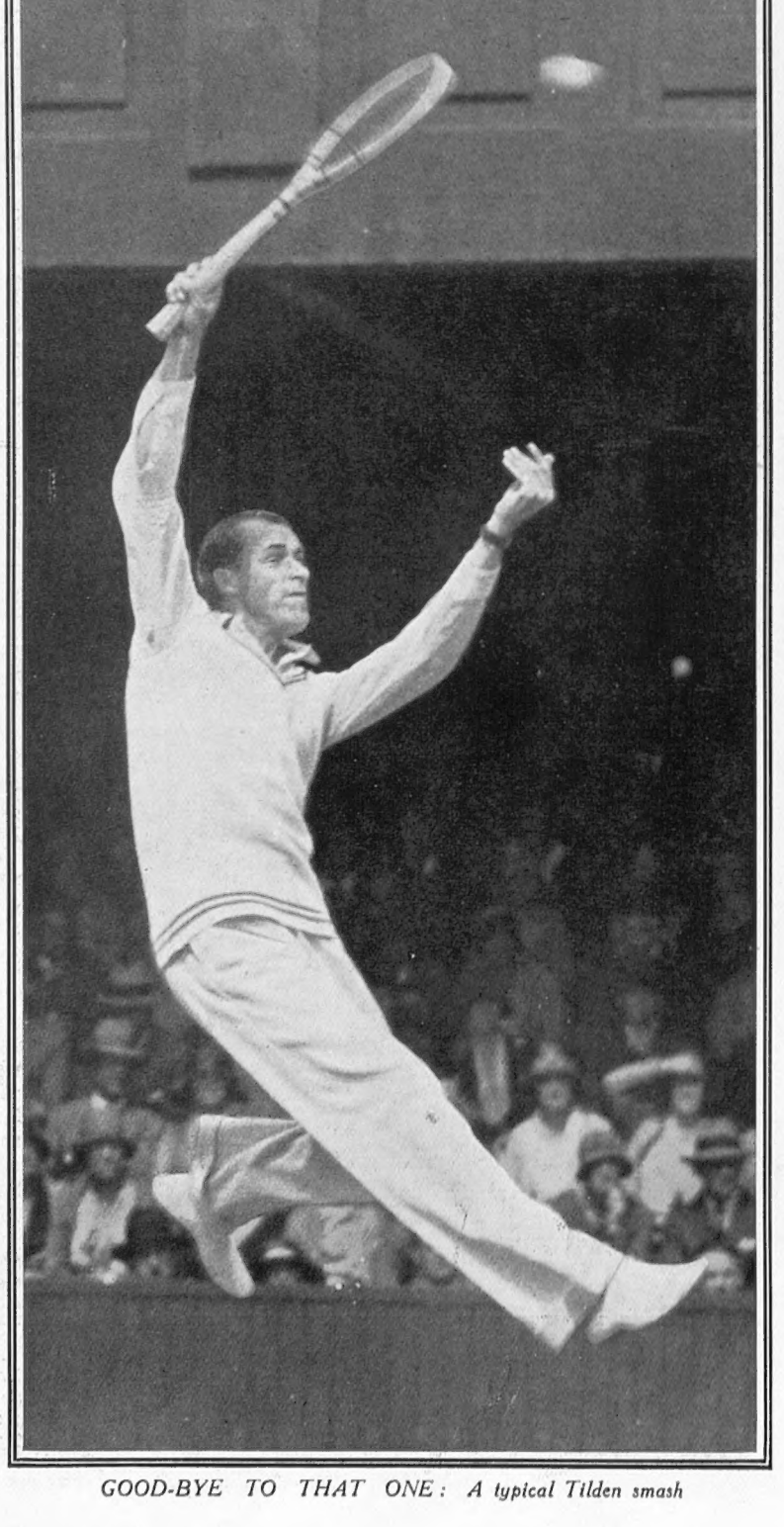


A VICTIM OF "BOUND": G. M. Lott, who fell to the élan of Borotra in the antepenultimate round. The mercurial Jean is Europe's sole representative in the last four—the other three being American

EAGER SPECTATORS: The King ... occasion of England's exit from the sing...



DETHRONED: Henri Cochet who cried "wolf" once too often at Wimbledon



GOOD-BYE TO THAT ONE: A typical Tilden smash

AN INVOCATION TO THE TE... hope to win the L...

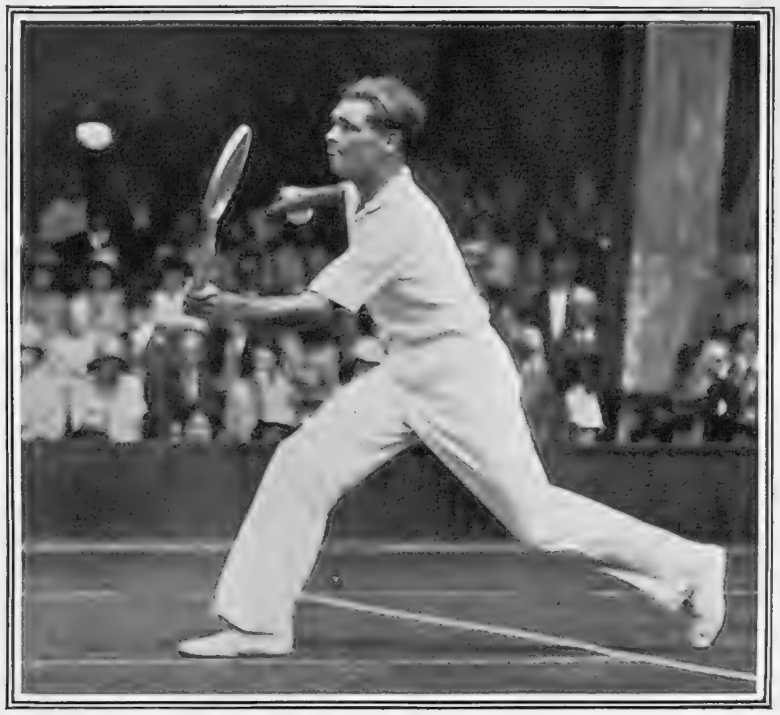
THE FIGHTING FACE: Miss Ryan

If cool collectedness and strong driving allied ... fierce determination and vicious, chopped volle... can do it, Mrs. Moody and Miss Ryan will succe... in the Ladies' Doubles—although Miss Ryan is r... garded as cosmopolitan rather than absolute U.S.A... For this reason she was not played in the Wig... man Cup where her experience no less than ...

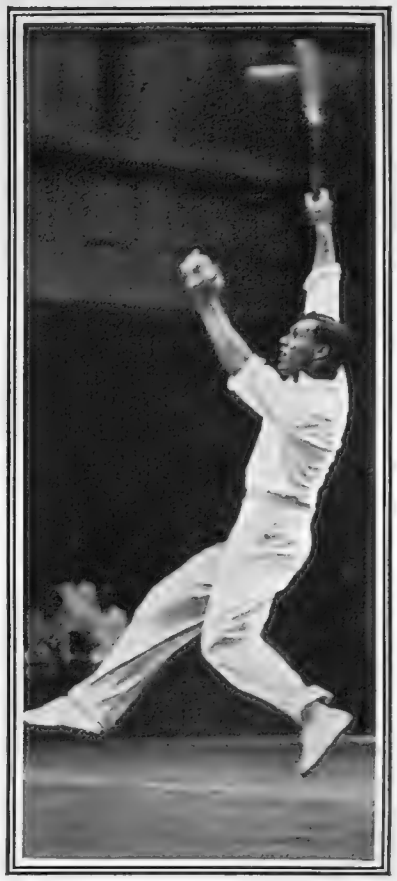
WIMBLEDON "WILLS"

ochet at the Nadir, Allison at the Zenith

en were present at Wimbledon on the sad n Tilden eliminated Gregory with the loss games



SERVICE AND SMASH: J. H. Doeg, who wins most of his games overhead. His ground strokes, however, are not so weak as prophesied. He is seen above with a "Betty Nuthall" expression of concentration

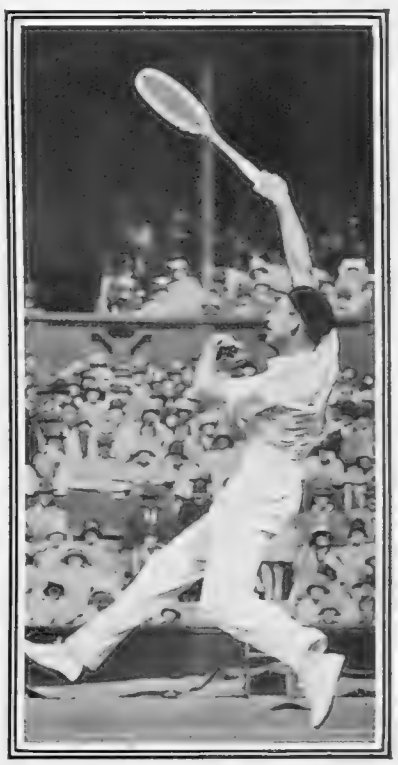


BRITAIN'S LAST HOPE: Dr. J. C. Gregory, who fell fighting gallantly, but vainly, to the ubiquitous racquet of Big Bill

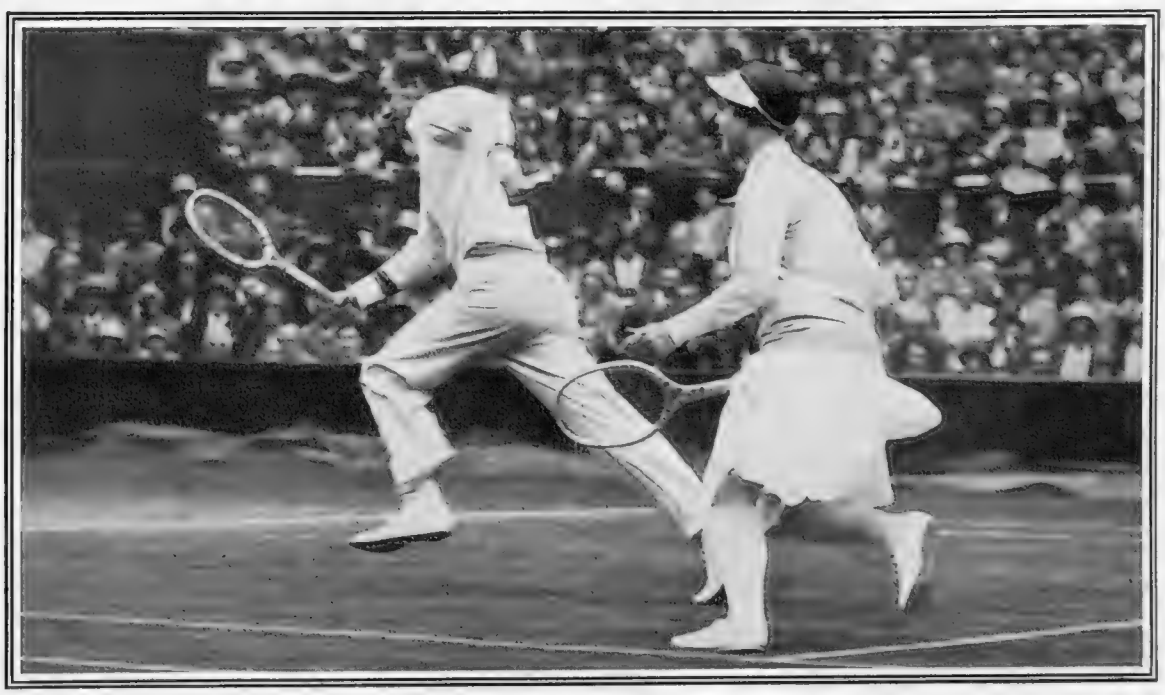
DS: Mrs. Wills-Moody and Miss Ryan who bles for America

powerful strokes, might have turned our thrilling victory into defeat. In the Mixed, Miss Ryan, partnered by Dr. J. C. Gregory, is a strong contender for the title. Tilden and Fräulein Aussem are the "tipped" victors, but doubles is Gregory's game, and Miss Ryan is the finest exponent of "mixed" in the world to-day.

THE PERIL OF THE SEEDED: Wilmer Allison, whose singles almost now eclipse his doubles. Not only did he eclipse Moon, but dethroned Cochet



FRANCE'S AND EUROPE'S SOLE SURVIVOR: Jean Borotra



TIPPED FOR THE MIXED: W. T. Tilden and Fräulein Cilly Aussem

THE FINGER OF FATE: The score board during Australia's terrific first innings

THE SHATTERER OF RECORDS: D. G. Bradman in play during his vigorous knock of 254, brought to a close with poetic justice, by a fantastic catch by Chapman—an innings which broke all test records

The GAME of GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY—and RECORDS

Bradman First—But the Rest Somewhere

By "PEEJAY"

This wonderful Test Match! After all the head-lines and bulletins and special editions of the last few days, it seems almost superfluous to put the score down again, but one never knows whether this issue of THE SPHERE will not be unearthed a few centuries hence by a more civilized people who will be stirred to faint interest by this mention of an event which men found amazing in the barbarous days of 1930; so, briefly, here it is—England, first innings, 425; second innings, 375; Australia, first innings, 729 for six wickets (declared); Australia winning the match by seven wickets.

This is all very well, but if we go on like this something will have to crack somewhere; we can't last the pace. All those good people who thrive on the setting up and the subsequent breaking of cricket records will develop apoplexy or a nervous break-down; and our hospitals will be full of amateur statisticians suffering from the effects of a too intense calculation of the number of miles the Australian fast bowler ran in delivering his thirty-odd overs in England's first innings, or of how many times cricket reporters have used the word "superb" since last Friday morning at 11.30.

In sober fact, anything may happen now; here we are almost on the eve of the 'Varsity match, and one must be prepared for the most fantastic results. Oxford's really good all-round side, a team which a devout Cambridge man told me the other day has already caused Cambridge as a whole to confess that "if Oxford don't win this year they never will," will meet a Cambridge side that suddenly made over 500 runs against Surrey at the Oval a few days ago. Who dare say what will happen at Lord's next week? People are already beginning to search *Wisden's Almanac* for previous records, if any, of four-figure innings, and the Joiners' and Woodworkers' Union, if any, are calling an emergency meeting to fix the price to be charged for altering and enlarging cricket telegraph boards so as to accommodate the fourth figure in the total.

I feel sure I ought, as normally a serious worshipper at the shrine, to treat this event less flippantly, and I run serious risks of being severely frowned upon by all the faithful. But *magna est veritas et prevalebit*, and I confess to a sort of sneaking feeling that there is a tendency towards a bit too much of this "record" business in Test cricket nowadays.

Now that the dreadful confession is out, I hasten to add that no implication of any sort is intended to the address either of Mr. Bradman, whose whole innings in the Test Match was really good cricket and to whom every cricketer, past and present, in this country will be proud to take off his hat, nor, of course, of Mr. Duleepsinhji, who after all holds a "record" of his own for the time being; nor, indeed, to the address of any cricketers in general or individual cricketer in particular. Perhaps the truth is that cricket writers, *quorum minima pars fui*, are the sinners. Aren't most of us, with honourable exceptions, a little inclined to treat a big match more from the point of view of a stunt and possible "records" than for what it really is, a good game of cricket? And after all, a good game of cricket or a game of good cricket, whichever way you like to put it, is much more important and really much more interesting than a "stunt" match with records shattering all over the place. Records as incidentals, if you like, but only as incidentals, not as the main thing. I am concerned, for instance, that Bradman's masterly innings and Chapman's beautiful fielding and many another bit of good cricket in this match should be, by cricketers, honoured just as much as the incidental fact that a new Test record for this country has been set up. I am pretty sure they will be.

THE TAIL OF THE KANGAROO: Oldfield gets one from J. C. White past Hammond in the slips

For cricketers in general, comprising that . . . not inconsiderable number of us who are, secretly, quite pleased to get into double figures even when we are playing against boys, have every reason to be well satisfied with the season so far. We have had quite a ration of cricket weather already, with no interruption from a general election and, despite Mr. Buchan's cold spells, shall probably have plenty more before the middle of September. Better still, we find the smaller clubs in villages and suburbs all over the country flourishing as keenly as ever.

They are, when all is said and done, the foundation—though not the model—of real English cricket. Anyone who has had occasion to cover a good deal of ground in the English countryside this summer can hardly have failed to notice the growing number of those pleasantly mown patches which betoken village cricket grounds and all the concomitant delights. There was present, a few years ago, in the minds of many of us who were looking round for a suitable moment to drop out of the side so as to make room for the youngsters a feeling that the supply of the said youngsters was inadequate to meet the demand. That uncomfortable feeling is nothing like so pronounced or so universal to-day, and it is perhaps not too much to say that the pendulum has now definitely begun to swing in the other direction and that the cricket inertia which followed the War, perhaps as an after-effect of it, is disappearing.

School cricket never has had much wrong with it, and there is nothing much wrong with it to-day; many an old croaker is of course still to be heard in the land lamenting that they are being taught too much "Safety first" business in the nets nowadays; this croak has probably just as much foundation to-day as when it was first croaked, which must have been in about 1800.

All is very well, then, so far with this year's cricket season. And probably it is only the English Selection Committee that shrinks from the thought that we still have three Test Matches to come, with lots of other cricket treats. Eton v. Harrow, which often provides some of the best cricket of the year as well as further opportunities for the experts in records, follow the 'Varsity match next week, then time-honoured Green Jacket week, Gunners v. Sappers, Gents v. Players (we still keep the quaint title), Navy v. Army (cricket of the brightest and best as a rule), and so on cheerily until the Champion County v. Rest brings the curtain down on the first-class cricket season of 1930.

Before that melancholy event happens we must hope to have discovered some English bowlers who, whether the wicket be plumb or otherwise, will be able to get out young Bradman and his friends for a total that looks something more like a cricket score and less like one of Lindrum's breaks at billiards.

THE "HINDENBURG" MORE STUBBORN BELOW THAN AFLOAT: A scene during the recent attempt to salvage the great German battleship — an attempt that resulted in failure. A diver is seen descending to plug a leak

NAVAL SCENES of the WEEK.

Masks and Helmets of Divers Types

GAS MASK DRILL: One of the features arranged to entertain the Empire Press Delegates was this evolution on board H.M.S. "Wakeful" when the Delegation visited Portsmouth

BRITISH HONOUR TO ICELAND: H.M.S. *Rodney*, which took the British delegation to the Millenary celebrations of the Icelandic parliament, the Althing, founded by a chieftain in 930 A.D.

THE OLDEST PARLIAMENT IN THE WORLD

"TENT-TOWN": The canvas accommodation erected for the visitors to Iceland. The dearth of more stable and comfortable accommodation has rendered the construction of this imperative. Inset are the King and Queen of Denmark with the Prime Minister of Iceland. Though virtually independent, Iceland still owns suzerainty to Denmark, and it is a characteristically gracious act for the King and Queen of Denmark to be present at the celebrations. The Althing (Parliament) was held round a rock in the Plain of Thingvella, some 30 miles from the present capital, Reykjavik. The majority of European nations have sent delegates to the Millenary celebrations

CANADA'S PECULIAR TROUBLE

Russia, the breeding ground of trouble-makers, has exported few agitators more immovable than the Doukhobors of Canada—a Tolstoian sect of religious fanatics who use arson and nudity as their main weapons in anti-Governmental pagan demonstrations. This is the first instalment of an article setting forth the history and the rationale of this bigoted, Communistic, "simple," and non-resisting Tartar group

By P. W. LUCE

The fanatical Doukhobors of Western Canada are giving the Dominion a lot of trouble.

Last summer the torch of incendiarism was applied to a number of buildings at Veregin and near Kamsack, Saskatchewan, and parades which threatened to end up in nude demonstrations were dispersed with fire hose.

The good people of Saskatchewan, their patience long exhausted, have petitioned the Minister of Immigration to deport "Young Peter" Veregin, leader of the Doukhobors in Canada.

This year more schools have been burned in British Columbia at Champion Creek, Brilliant, Spencer, and Krestova. A flour mill and a warehouse at Glade have also been reduced to ruins, and more incendiarism is expected.

The Doukhobors are vegetarians. They would rather starve than catch the fat trout that swim lazily in the Kootenay River past their farm lands. They will let a mosquito take its fill of blood from their cheeks rather than risk hurting it by brushing it off. They refuse to kill a venomous snake, and will suffer untold damage by field mice and squirrels rather than annoy "God's little ones."

Though they are intensely religious, the Doukhobors have no formal prayers, no ceremonies of any kind, no preachers or priests, no altars or churches. A division of the main body known as "Svobodniki," or "Sons of Freedom," even object to the burial of dead bodies! They prefer to take the corpse to some piece of waste land and leave it there naked to disintegrate. This practice has been pretty well stamped out by the authorities, but it is not many years ago that a policeman on night duty stopped a number of Sons of Freedom dragging a corpse on a sleigh through the main street of a large Canadian city.

When he ordered the party to stop, the body was dumped at his feet and left there!

The Doukhobors, in their primitive simplicity, see nothing wrong in nudity, and they fail utterly to grasp the more refined viewpoint of their neighbours. They look upon it as their most effective weapon of passive resistance, and their most potent protest against conditions to which they object.

"You have done wrong to us," they say, in effect. "You are making us suffer. Our religion does not permit us to fight back, but if we are to be deprived of something then let us be deprived of everything. Take all our clothes as well. Naked we came into the world and naked we will remain in it."

A LEADER OF THE DOUKHOBORS: Anastasia Verigin, a niece of the original leader and a rival to his son

The first nude parades were staged in the province of Saskatchewan a few years after 8,000 Doukhobors had been brought to Canada, largely through the financial assistance of English Quakers and the instrumentality of Tolstoi, who devoted the proceeds of his *Resurrection* to this cause. Little was known of the Doukhobors by Canadians at the time, but 450,000 acres of land were set apart for them where they might engage in farming on a communistic scale, as they were averse to individualist operations. They were also granted immunity from military service—a concession of no particular importance at the time.

Group settlements have seldom proved successful in Canada, and the Doukhobors were no exception. These obstinate and simple-minded people could not be made to recognize that they must not conduct themselves in an arbitrary and capricious manner in defiance of the laws of the country, and trouble soon developed, as a result of which the Government re-possessed itself of 400,000 acres of the lands originally set aside for the Communist colonists.

Thereupon thousands of Doukhobor men, women, and children cast off their clothing and set out to march to Winnipeg, 500 miles away. It took a strong display of force and much diplomacy to induce the fanatics to return to their settlement, but they finally yielded to the fear of being sent back to Russia. For them this meant the knout, crushing taxation, occasional massacres, and frequently the salt mines of Siberia.

Only one Doukhobor had ever been known to return from Siberia. This was their leader, Peter Veregin, an educated, astute, scheming fanatic, who corrupted his guards with gold and so escaped to bring his followers to a better land. For a quarter of a century Peter ruled over his people, a benevolent autocrat who insisted that all but a few should remain ignorant serfs, and who only once caused a murmur of disapproval to arise, certainly not without cause.

During one of his frequent clashes with the British Columbia Government over the nonpayment of taxes Peter Veregin announced that rather than submit he would have all the old people and all the young children of the colony thrown into the Kootenay River!

He later explained that he was only speaking figuratively, but his prestige suffered for a time. He was as mighty as ever, however, in the autumn of 1924, when he was killed in a railway accident. His son, Peter Veregin, jun., is now chief of the colony, but he lacks his father's driving power and magnetic personality.

About twenty years ago Peter Veregin, dissatisfied with Saskatchewan, bought 15,000 acres of wild timbered land at Brilliant, Southern British Columbia. Five thousand Doukhobors were taken there, and these, by unremitting toil, have transformed this wilderness into a fruitful garden of rare beauty. There are now over 5,000 acres of orchards and tilled lands, besides grain elevators, fruit canneries, saw-mills, machinery sheds, warehouses, barns, and all the necessary equipment for farming on a large scale. Including holdings at the colonies later established nearby at Thrums, Grand Forks, Trail, and one or two other places, the total assets now amount to around £1,000,000. Properties at the original colony in Saskatchewan are worth another £600,000.

COMMUNAL COOKS: Two Doukhobor women beside one of their typical ovens in which loaves of the type seen above are baked

The people live in small villages of large houses built in the shape of a rectangle, enclosing a courtyard which serves as a meeting-place for the community. Six to eight families live in each house, and all housekeeping is done co-operatively. The meals are served in a large dining-room, the food invariably consisting of fine whole-wheat bread cut from immense round loaves, baked in outside ovens, thick vegetable soup, raw and cooked vegetables, and raspberry jam or fruit for dessert. Water is the usual beverage.

Marriage is the rule among the Doukhobors, and four is the average number of children for each couple. Their marriages, however, differ materially from Canadian ceremonies in that there is no service, licence, or registration. When a young man and a young woman decide to "live together"—for there are no such words as "marry," "wife," or "husband" in their vocabulary—they simply go ahead and do it. Parents never interfere. The leader of the community is the only person who can interfere in these unions, though it is a privilege which he seldom exercises. It is customary for the "pairings" to take place in early spring, when all the young people take their stand in couples in a courtyard and are formally "inspected" by the leader. As a rule the great man nods approval of the selection made, but occasionally he rearranges couples.

No reason is ever given. No reason is ever sought. So submissive are these Doukhobors, even in youth, that they accept the new partner without a murmur, and there is no record of the "eternal triangle" ever having developed. These simple-minded Ukrainians through whose veins runs a heavy mixture of Tartar blood are not a people of strong passions. With them one mate is as good as another.

It was long since realized, of course, that there was no chance of the adult Doukhobors changing the peculiar tenor of their ways, but it was hoped that the growing generation could be educated into average Canadians. Unfortunately those who came out as children grew to adult age before any steps were taken to educate them, and to-day they are as keen on nude parades as their fathers and mothers. One of these created a mighty scandal by stripping in a Vancouver Island church about ten years ago.

Music in the church was the reason given for the first demonstration. The second was because the two Doukhobors could not be given sleeping-berths on a train that had no sleeping accommodation.

So negligible has been the intellectual progress of the Doukhobors that in thirty years only two out of 8,000 have become naturalized citizens in Canada. Hardly any of them can read or write, and only a few can speak English, after a fashion.

They have, however, advanced mechanically. In the early days women dragged heavy ploughs across the prairie, thirty women to a team, but now horses are used as well as petrol engines and electricity. Sewing-machines and other aids to housewives are forbidden.

(To be Concluded Next Week)

BOUND FOR THE FIELDS: Canadian-born Doukhobors go to their work in Saskatchewan. Only of late years has the heavy labour been done by mechanical means; quite recently teams of thirty women were harnessed to the plough

"I Cross th

LADY DRUMMON

German Airship i

OFF AFRICA'S WESTERNMOST POINT: The Cape Verde Islands form a natural "jumping off place" for the crossing of the South Atlantic from the west of Africa to the east of Brazil

In last week's instalment Lady Drummond-Hay told the story of her trip as far as Seville and the first moments of the actual Atlantic flight. The story published herewith goes on from there

In the middle of lunch Captain Flemming, who was at that time watch officer, sent Steward Kubis to call me to the bridge.

"Look! We have two shadows," he said, pointing first one side then the other out of the navigation-room windows.

Sure enough, I did see two shadows — small, right under the airship, for the sun was directly above us. Whichever side I looked, I saw a shadow directed in opposite sense to the second.

"Like two whales," I told Flemming.

"It is an optical illusion," he laughed.

But since Professor Cardoso had assured everyone that while our shadow remained with us we should not lose our good luck, I hastened to tell him that our luck was doubled—at least.

May 21, our second day on the Atlantic, we averaged seventy miles an hour on four motors, through clouds and mist with only occasional bursts of sunshine. The heavier-than-air exponents on the Zeppelin always express their appreciation of the fact that in the Zeppelin, clouds, mist, even fog does not hinder or retard our flight.

Director Martin Wronsky exclaimed several times during the day, "In an aeroplane we could never fly in this weather. Fog still conquers the 'plane, but airships conquer all weather."

Which reminded me of that millionaire aviator William B. Leeds' surprise during the world flight last summer, when we flew 39 out of the 60 hours across the Pacific in dense fog, seeing neither sea nor sky. With recollections of the habit of 'planes, he could hardly believe it possible.

At 4.20 in the morning of May 21 we—those who were up I should say!—saw the British steamer *Carnarvon Castle*, apparently thrilled at the sight of the silver Zeppelin looming out of the dawn, for all we could get from her were repeated signals, "Beautiful sight, beautiful sight, beautiful sight," which the Zeppelin acknowledged by "bowing" three times. We always "bow." At 11 the Hamburg American ss. *General Orsini* greeted us, decks black with excited passengers.

Luckily the sun shone over the Cape Verde Islands for us in the afternoon. At 3.15 p.m. barren, brown Sal, salt island, the most northerly of the islands, came into view. Twenty minutes later we were over Point Martinez, dropped our first transatlantic airmail by parachute over Porto Praia, inhabited mostly by negroes. With the strong glasses we carry, flying very low, often less than the length of the airship, we can see every detail of the country we pass over. The inhabitants of Porto Praia got a great thrill; they ran about madly in their excitement. St. Paul's Rock, with a glimpse of the extinct 9,000-ft. volcano, Pico, was the last sight of land that day.

Heavy tropical rain-squalls at daybreak of May 22 flooded the bridge, leaked into the Infante Alfonso's cabin, soaking his baggage. He had one of the four cabins convertible for short day-sightseeing trips in Europe, when sleeping accommodation is not needed, into two smaller passenger salons. In these the windows open, and his open window let the rain in with full force.

Crossing the Phantom Line

At 8.30, after breakfast, we crossed the Equator. Before I left Friedrichshafen several people had asked me to tell them "What the Equator looks like from the air." Even Mr. George Mitre, owner of the great Buenos Aires newspaper *La Nacion* had reminded me in Paris that a description of the Equator from the air would be "a very fine little feature."

What does the Equator look like? Sea. Wet and blue. I half expected to glimpse Neptune glaring up at us, or mermaids hanging washing on "the line." We all gazed fascinatedly below at the Equator, thrilled beyond words at the thought of where we were. Later in the morning Æolus himself, God of Winds, performed the important ceremony of "Air baptism" on those mortals who for the first time in the world's history had crossed the Equator in an airship. We were summoned into the salon. The little door of the bridge was thrown open: Captain Lehmann marched in playing his famous accordion. An ordinary soft felt hat crowned his uniform. It did not really look particularly funny, but everyone laughed as much as though he had appeared with one of Cook Manz's saucepans on his head. Following him, in stalked King Æolus—Captain von Schiller—draped toga-wise in a sheet. A curly white wig wreathed with roses covered his brown hair, a bushy beard hid most of his face. One of the small aluminium ladders strung with rope served as a lyre. His "wife," Mrs. Windstill, came after. That was Leo Freund, wireless officer, doing her—his—best to appear graceful in my rose silk dressing-gown. Long black braids entwined with roses completed the picture. Willy Speck, another wireless officer, functioned as the secretary of Æolus. Prince Alfonso acted as interpreter in three languages.

Æolus welcomed the intruders to his realm, greet the ship, crew, and passengers. He told us that h had been looking for our coming for two or thr years, but that he had been so busy helping aer planes across the Atlantic that he had not had muc time to give attention to airships.

"But," he added, "airships do not seem to n my aid so much."

Emphasizing the importance of this first no stop passenger and mail airship flight from Euro to South America, he unrolled a big document, fro which he proceeded to take a roll-call of his ne subjects. Everyone was called in turn, standin before Æolus and Mrs. Windstill while the Kin recited a verse giving them their new baptismal nam Mrs. Windstill, "air baptised" us with the disinfectan atomizer, as son were satirical, son mischievously a all very funn

"THE FINGER OF GOD" — writes, and, having writ the fate of unhappy exiles in Brazil's Ile du Diable, *Fernando Noronha, remains sentinel*

A CITY OF BRAZIL: ar the landing of the Graf Ze

After sternly reminding us that the new names must be adhered to under pain of penalty, Æolus and his train departed.

Captain Lehmann and Captain Flemming were "Pat and Patachon"—t German equivalent for "Mutt and Jeff," because one is short, the other t The Infante Alfonso, *Enfant Gâté*, or "Spoiled child" 'Gustav Kauder, Be Editor, "Compressed Air"; Eckener was "Airjolly"; Karl von Wiegr "Gigant," because he represented the gigantic Hearst Press; Mrs. Dun was "Baby"; Mrs. Pierce, "Flirt"; myself, "Flower."

At 1.40 p.m. we passed over Fernando Noronha, Brazil's "Devil Islan hotter and more merciless of climate than the much-dreaded French "De Island." Rearing itself starkly upwards, a curiously formed rock like a gia tombstone, called the "Finger of God," stands sentinel.

"Few guards are needed to hold the exiles from escaping," I was "The sharks infesting the sea right up to the coast are sufficient guard

Days are short, the sun sets suddenly and early near the Equator. It w dark as we flew over Pernambuco, 7.25 p.m. The city, starred with glitterin lights, lay beneath us like an inverted Heaven. It seemed as if every vo was raised in greeting. The roar of cries, shouts, sound of screams, ha clapping reached us through the heavy hum of the motors.

South America at Last

The landing field was inky black. Pernambuco had n flares, no searchlights to guide us. Passengers dec amongst themselves that Dr. Eckener would never attem to land in the inky darkness, on an unknown field, into the hands of an in perienced, untrained landing crew. The Zeppelin, like some hesitating bi circled round and round, looking for the place to descend. At 8.06 p.m. t ropes touched the ground. The Brazilian soldiers did not know what to d with them at first, and seemed to think that the great airship was preparing fall and crush them.

"We cannot land, it is impossible," Prince Alfonso and Colonel Emilio Herc assured each other. But Dr. Eckener pulled the gas-valves a little, and te minutes later the *Graf Zeppelin* touched the ground lightly, gracefully Exclamations of astonishment and admiration broke from the passengers.

Captain Harry Shoemaker cried "These Germans certainly know their job and their ship."

Landing at Pernambuco that evening had not been in the original schedu of the trip, but at Seville, owing to inexperience, Dr. Eckener had not been a to take on as much fuel as he had planned. Even though he had enough to g us to Rio and back, nothing would induce him to undertake the trip without great reserve. That is one of his most insistent and persistent demands— "More than ample reserve." He is a fanatic for having enough reserve o board to meet any weather, any emergency or situation. With plenty of reser fuel, the German "Storm King" will challenge any storm gods. As it w impossible to begin refuelling in such Stygian darkness, Captain Lehma announced that the Zeppelin would be fed its hydrogen and fuel gas during t next day, and that the departure for Rio de Janeiro would be at midnight.

The evening drive to the Central Hotel gave us a foretaste of the equatori heat which eventually knocked out passengers and crew, unaccustomed to t climate. It was too hot to sleep.

The next morning, May 23, everyone was inspired with the same idea driving to the famous beach where the only refreshing breeze was to be foun Those who wanted to bathe in the sea were surprised to find bathing hou closed. The dozens of beautiful seaside villas of the wealthy were also shut u and deserted. Cafés, restaurants along the great sea-promenade were closed.

"Ah, but you forget that it is winter," the Brazilians gently reminded u "We do not bathe in the sea in winter you know."

So, sweltering and exhausted from the damp heat of the tropics, we retur to the still hotter town to think it over.

Prince Alfonso had a number of official calls to make, for which he had t renounce his shorts in favour of formal uniform with decorations. Visits to th

Equator in the 'Graf Zeppelin'

AY'S Personal Narrative of her Latest Voyage in the Great Tropics and to South America—Part II

(Part I appeared in the issue of "The Sphere" for June 28)

ank for Brazilian money—notes for milreis as torn and dirty as any I ever saw n China ; a visit to Stoltz and Company, agents for the Zeppelin, to buy some f the very interesting special Zeppelin stamps issued by the Brazilian Govern-ent ; a drive round the city, which reminded me of a mixture of Shanghai, Manila, Honolulu, and Singapore all in one, but not as attractive as any of hem, dinner at the hotel brought the day to an end, and the welcome thought f returning to our much cooler eyrie, the Zeppelin, nearer.

Pernambuco is an interesting place, though what it must be like in ummer, if this is winter, I cannot imagine. The population is in all shades of olour, from black, brown, beige, to white. Amiable people—smiling, courteous, ospitable, and very friendly. The directress of the hotel, Madame Stella Blançon hovered around me, confessedly intrigued by the fact that the women board the Zeppelin were travelling "alone." She asked searching questions bout European women who undertook such amazing journeys without heir husbands. As a widow and journalist she admitted that I might do uch a mad thing, but what about Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Durston? I explained er misgivings away, I hope, but she never ceased to wag her head and say, 'We have not come to that yet in Brazil." Anyhow she brought me an ndless variety of wonderful fruit—mangoes, custard apples, pineapple, green range, melons, and little brown fruits called saputi, which taste like honey. The only other place I ever had them was in Manila. Madame Stella was the only person except the proprietor of the hotel who spoke anything but Portuguese. But some twenty words of Portuguese which I learned from her, and the

uco, where no flares nor searchlights aided above sunning itself on the edge of the silver whale

panish I know, carried me through. ur record flight from Europe to South merica in fifty-nine hours fifty-three inutes had fired the imagination of he Pernambucans. The many very xcellently-produced newspapers were lled with Zeppelin news and pictures. r. Eckener's picture was on sale lmost everywhere.

"Rolling up to Rio" By eleven o'clock we were all aboard again ; he Zeppelin took the air after midnight. ext morning, May 24, "dry" wash-ng was the order of the day. The en had dry shaves, the women made eir toilet in cold cream and eau-de-ologne—a sticky business in a sticky limate. But in order to get off the round in the high temperature r. Eckener had ordered a couple of ns of water-ballast to be dropped, hich was given as a reason for the shortage of washing water.

Dr. Jeronimo Megias, physician to the King of Spain, came and told me hat in the night he had been called to attend to a member of the crew, dan-erously bitten by a poisonous insect in Pernambuco. Another casuality was he result of our visit to Pernambuco. The gas specialist, Mr. Mayer, of the Union Carbide Company, New York, was badly gassed during the inflation of he Zeppelin ; only prompt attention saved his life.

I remained on the bridge with Captain Lehmann on watch—a rare privilege hat he very kindly allowed me—until we sighted the lights of Rio de Janeiro, bout 11.30 p.m. Not wishing to disturb the inhabitants, we remained far out n the bay, hoping ourselves invisible and soundless until the first light of awn. As a matter of fact the people of Rio were waiting up for us, but we id not know it. I snatched a couple of hours' sleep, and was out on the ridge again by 3.15 a.m., during Captain von Schiller's watch.

Dr. Eckener says that Karl von Wiegand and myself are the most sleepless assengers aboard. All night long von Wiegand prowls around, privileged to he bridge, sacred to the watch during night hours, but they let him in. His ypewriter clicks at the oddest hours. If he works all day, he also works most f the night. Captain von Schiller always "rooms" him with the Navy, who, e claims, can "stand anything."

Glittering chains of lights, dangling tantalizingly against the black horizon, he great gold crescent of moon rising in the east, gradually gave place to hadowy mountains against a pastel sky. Steward Kubis went around banging n cabin doors, but many were up already. The washrooms were full by our o'clock. By 6.30 we were having coffee over the most beautiful bay in he world. As if Nature herself was deigning to weave us a dream that will ast for our lives, the dawn and sunrise was one of the most wonderful I have ver seen anywhere. Opal clouds reflected rainbow colours in the glassy sea ntil the crimson sun rose and set the heavens afire with glory. Rising higher, rimson turned to gold. Against a background of cloud-covered mountains he panamora of the bay and city was painted in vivid, living hues. Low, illowy clouds covered part of the bay like a giant snowfield through whose leecy whiteness emerged the crests of little islands.

We circled round the landing field, preparing to descend. To the amazement nd disgust of Dr. Eckener and the officers, the landing crew on the ground did ot respond to our manœuvres. They remained immobile, gazing at the airship.

"Sulphurous language," as von Wiegand expressed it in a subsequent despatch, issued from the bridge through the megaphone. Eventually, after a tremendous amount of yelling, shouting, and reciprocal gesticulating, the Brazilian landing crew functioned, and the Zeppelin came to earth safely, with officers and crew thoroughly wrought up at the "stupidity" of the Rio ground crew. It took less than a minute to discover that criticism was unjustified. The Zeppelin officers on the bridge had forgotten to put out the landing flag, which is the signal that the ship wants to land, and for the landing-crew to grasp the ropes and pull her down.

We stopped but an hour on the field, getting out just to say that we had "been to" Rio. Police and military organization was excellent, firmly, but with consideration and courtesy keeping back the crowd that tried to rush the ship as soon as it touched the ground. Privileged visitors who came out to greet us included the American and German Ambassadors and Prince Louis Ferdinand, second son of the ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany. The last time I saw Prince Louis Ferdinand was in Hollywood last summer at a party given by Miss Marion Davies. He told me that he is returning to Europe in October and wished he could travel with the Zeppelin. He is now a bank clerk in Buenos Aires. It is really astonishing the universal hold that autograph collecting has got on the world. The Brazilian soldiers at Rio were just as keen to get autographs from the Zeppelin as the Japanese had been in Tokio. We were asked to autograph everything, from flying-helmets to fans, handkerchiefs to gloves.

North America Bound At 8.40 the airship rose easily and quickly, circled the city and harbour twice, then turned out over the Atlantic. We had three new passengers aboard — Captain Fontanelle, the Count and Countess Pereira Carneiro. The Count is the President of the Condor Seaplane Syndicate. His Zeppelin trip from Rio to Pernambuco completely won him over to the idea of a combination airship and seaplane or aeroplane service to link up Europe with all the great centres of South America.

"Airship travel is the ideal transocean transport," he declared. "With Pernambuco as an airship port and seaplanes or aeroplanes to connect with South American cities, I can foresee a new era commercially and economically for South America."

As a matter of fact I learn that this successful flight of the *Graf Zeppelin* has brought the formation of a Europe-South American air-line much closer to realization. Conversations and negotiations are already proceeding. Present plans consider Pernambuco as the best terminal for such a line, with giant seaplanes — perhaps of the Dornier *Do.X* twelve-motored type, to run from Pernambuco to Buenos Aires and other cities in connection with a Zeppelin transocean service.

This time Buenos Aires was very disappointed because the Zeppelin did not continue south and visit the Argentine capital. Dr. Eckener said that he may possibly take the new bigger and much more powerful Zeppelin now being built at Friedrichshafen to Beunos Aires next year. The *Graf Zeppelin* is expected to make another flight this year to South America, at the suggestion of the German Government, which has given some subventions to Dr. Eckener. The flight —there may be two more

"I WOULD RATHER HAVE A ZEPPELIN THAN A PRIVATE YACHT," declares Prince Alfonso of Spain, seen above beneath the ship

Pictures by Lady Drummond-Hay

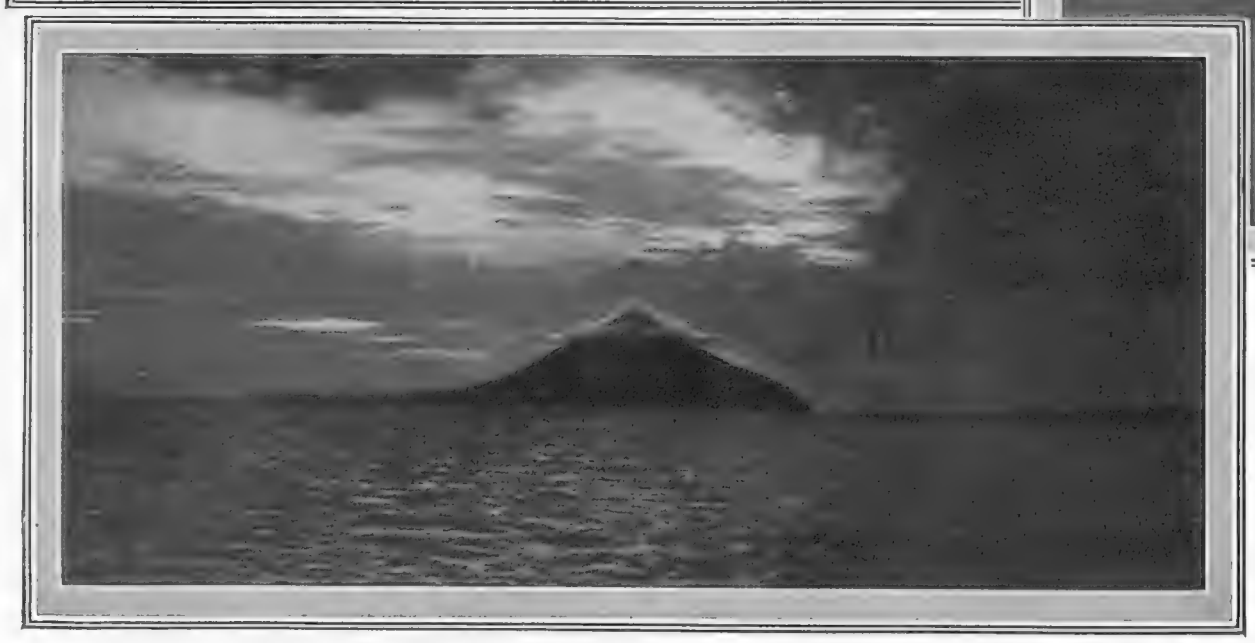
VISIONS OF THE FUTURE: Count and Countess Pereira Carneiro, of the "Condor seaplane" discuss at the Zeppelin window a combination service of airships and 'planes to link South America with Europe. Another passenger was Mr. Karl von Wiegand, to whose efforts, second only to those of Commander Eckener, the great airship flights are due

—will have as its objective the trying out further the possibilities of establishing a fast Europe to South America airship mail service.

Director Martin Wronsky of the German Lufthansa Company, for years a natural "rival" of the lighter-than-air craft, was so enthusiastic about his first airship voyage that he admitted that he "knows of no means of transport that offers travellers the opportunity of enjoying the beauties of nature to such an extent, and with such comfort, complete quiet, and feeling of safety as airships such as the *Graf Zeppelin*." As aeroplanes and airships are different in their construction, so are we convinced that each will find its special mission within

(Continued on p. 44)

KRAKATOA



IN A PERIOD OF "QUIESCENCE": The island and the volcano seen at night from a steamer in the Sunda Strait. Above—*ENVELOPED IN THE SMOKE: Krakatoa in full eruption seen from above from the leeward*

FROM THE WINDWARD: Th... swept by th...

After a period of comparative quiescence the volcanic islet of Krakatoa has burst into renewed activity, and we are fortunate in being able to give to our readers three new pictures of Krakatoa during its recent period. These pictures were taken from the air by a pilot of the Netherlands East Indies Air Line Service. The one on the left is taken from leeward of the island, that is, the wind is blowing toward the ... tator, and the surface of Krak... is hidden by the mass of ... steam rising from the sea. In ... centre of the picture is hang... detached mass of steam, while ab... are heavy masses of cloud. ... central view was taken as ... aviator passed to windward of ... island; the current of air blowi... across the surface of the sea ... sweeping the masses of steam aw... to the right-hand side of ... picture, and reveals the su... island surface of Krakatoa. Wh... shows above the sea is merely t... upper part of a submerged volca... crater. The third view was tak...

Again in Fierce Eruption

ire" seen from above, the steam and smoke being the face of the 'quake-ridden land

still more to windward with the island showing out clearly as a black, whale-like surface. This picture was taken at a height of about 3,000 feet.

Equi-distant from Sumatra and Java, Krakatoa during the eighteenth century erupted to make a crater whose vent had become plugged with solid lava. The crater occupied the northern part of the island, which then had an area of 18 square miles. In the summer of 1883 a tremendous eruption blew two-thirds of the island to fragments. A cubic mile of material was hurled into the air. Over 35,000 lives were lost, mainly through the great waves occasioned by the outbreak, which was so severe that the explosion was heard 2,000 miles away in Australia. The air wave engendered by the explosion circled the earth nearly four times before it died away. Fallen ash and pumice interfered with navigation in the neighbouring seas. At the moment of writing the "normal" eruption, which goes on all the year round, has given place to flashes of lightning and a rain of ashes, together with rapidly recurring and strong tremors. On June 23, hundreds of eruptions took place, some attaining a height of 3,000 ft. The newly-formed island is rapidly growing up and has already reached a height of 40 ft. above sea level.

THE BLOWING OF A FIERY WHALE: Krakatoa seen from 3,000 ft. on the windward side

IN FULL BLAST: The island, always in eruption more or less, is seen above in one of the "more" eruptive periods. The eruptions have been known to reach 3,000 ft. in height

Through Africa in a Grocer's Van

Mr. Owen Tweedy Reveals the Extraordinary Amount of Development of Motor Highways on the African Continent

(1) THE SUDAN-CONGO BORDER: A rest-house on the "Route Royale" traversed during the first stage of the journey from Rejaf to Algiers

If one started from Rejaf on the Upper Nile with the idea of motoring home to England by way of Algiers, would the proposition be a possible one? Would there be roads all the way, or would one find the track peter out and ending in a blind alley? This was a problem which Mr. Owen Tweedy and his companion, Richard Crofton, set themselves a short time ago, and the answers to their many questions raised are to be found in a delightful volume entitled *By Way of the Sahara: An African Oddyssey of Three Men and a Grocer's Van*, written by Mr. Owen Tweedy, and just published by Messrs. Duckworth. The illustrations given here were all taken by the author *en route*, and will give some idea of the variety of roads which the little expedition encountered (the third man was

(2) BELGIAN CONGO: A motor garage on the highway. Roofing the garage of the motor company which does the transport of the "Route Royale" from Belgian Congo to the Nile, and thence to Port Soudan and the East. The freight is mainly cotton and ore

(3) FRENCH EQUATORIA: Pave roads leading through dense forest. This forest glade was typical of a long stretch through the equatorial section of French Africa. Forest game was often encountered

(5) APPROACHING THE CAPITAL OF NORTHERN NIGERIA—KANO: One of the gates set in the fourteen-mile perimeter of mud-brick wall which surrounds the native metropolis

the indispensable Muhammad, evidently as splendid a type of African handyman as one could find.

This remarkable journey took place last year between March 18 and April 30, and its really astonishing character will be gathered from the bare facts which concern the journey. Mr. Tweedy's own narrative is modest and does not exaggerate the difficulties which were evidently lurking ever and again on these adventurous roads. It may be said at once that this little expedition did find roads of some kind all along the 5,533 miles through the Soudan, Belgian Kongo, French Equatoria, Nigeria, the French Niger Province, and across the Sahara to Algeria. In the Tannesruft, certainly, the *piste* was almost obliterated by deep sand-drifts, but the tracks of previous cars could always be caught up after a little search. It would astonish those not familiar with the tremendous advances made in road construction in Africa during recent years,

(6) A ROAD OF VARIABLE QUALITY THROUGH BRITISH NIGERIA: The Chevrolet used by Mr. Owen Tweedy and his companions is seen outside a rest camp by the roadside

that petrol could always be obtained for the little Chevrolet somewhere along the route, though

(8) THE SAHARA CROSSING: Sand-bound in the midst of the Tannesruft. This was a day camp three days out from Gao. There was a sixty-mile-an-hour sand-storm blowing, the heat was stifling and we could not go on as the grocer's van would not go off the boil. That third day we were sand-stuck fourteen times, and in sixteen driving hours only covered thirty-four miles

(9) THE SAHARA CROSSING IS INDICATED BY TRACKS OF PREVIOUS CARS: Looking south from Reggan into the desolation of the Tannesruft

frequently difficulties attended the necessary purchases.

The journey began by way of the splendidly made "Route Royale," built by the Belgians, and pased into French Equatoria, where conditions became more open. During the day's run, which averaged 128·7 miles, fascinating visions of African game would be encountered. In some places the game was extraordinarily tame, and would stand gazing at the approaching car until the last moment.

"Our last day in the Congo I had seen what I imagined was game in bulk. Now I saw the real thing—at first in isolated twos and threes; then in groups; finally in herds. It is impossible to describe the thrill of a road which may produce round every corner the sight of an animal which one has only previously seen in the Zoo. There were, of course, any number of wart-hog, and we saw legions of monkeys, red, grey, and green; but the roan, the waterbuck, the antelope, and the gazelle were travelling in mass. Sometimes they stood watching us curiously with twitching ears; then the grocer's van would emit a more than usually loud snort and there would be a sudden wheel and the sight of bobbing sterns disappearing in a cloud of dust. Sometimes we passed within fifteen yards of them."

The two travellers have very high opinions of the French as road constructors, and it is a little disappointing to read of the varied qualities of the roads in our own Nigerian territory. Astonishing, too, it is to read of the model towns—African garden cities—which have been built by the various Powers along the travellers' route. The tendency by the French

(7) AT THE GATEWAY TO THE SAHARA CROSSING: The "Beau Geste" fort of Tabancourt the last French station and the last well to the south, before Reggan is reached, 750 miles to the north

to congregate the tribes along the roadside of the main highways also gives one food for much thought.

The real days of test and endurance, both for the Chevrolet and the party of three came when the lonely stretch of the Tannesruft, with its absolutely bare 800 miles of sandy desert, was encountered. When the starting-lever was lost in the sand one might have thought that all was over, but the expedition won through and duly arrived in Algiers under its own power. The narrow tyres of the car sank repeatedly into the sand, and required heroic efforts on the part of the little party to get the grocer's van out of the gritty bog on to a firmer surface. The longest day's run was 287 miles. The average speed worked out at about 15 m.p.h. This is altogether a fascinating account for anyone interested in the advance of Africa and in motoring in strange places.

"The Sphere" Surveys the World

THE TRIUMPHANT WELCOME TO GERMANY'S INANIMATE AMBASSADOR: Police had to hold up the wire fence specially erected to control the enthusiastic crowds when Dr. Eckener brought the "Graf Zeppelin"—the hero of the transatlantic, the round-the-world, and the South American flights—to Berlin for the first time in eighteen months

AN ALLEGED ASPIRANT TO THE IRON CROWN: Admiral Horthy who, it is said, hopes to be elected King of Hungary in the stead of Otto when the elections are held on the natural heir's attainment of his majority (eighteen) next year

EUROPE'S NEWEST KING HONOURS HIS OLDEST COMRADES: Carol II of Roumania pays a surprise visit to the Bucharest barracks of the 6th Infantry Regiment, in which, in his pre-abdication days, he held a commission. His old comrades presented him with a silver plaque as a token of their loyalty and affection. King Carol has appointed this regiment to be his personal Life Guards. The monarch is seen above with some of the officers of his new Guardsmen. Next to him is General Averescu, the veteran Field-Marshal of Roumania

CHARLES VII AND HIS QUEEN: A moment during an historical pageant held recently at Conflans-St.-Honorine

"EN PLEIN AIR"

Lacrosse in America : Tate on Holiday :
Feminine Prowess : Danse du Jardin

LIKE SPRITES POISED IN MID AIR: A moment during a lacrosse match at Smith College, U.S.A. Note the grace of the figure on left

THE BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY: Maurice Tate, the great Sussex bowler and the mainstay of England's Test Match attack, plays a game of cricket (!) by way of relaxation on Brighton Beach. The most ardent of present-day cricketers has twin daughters aged eight, Betty and Joan, and a son, seen keeping wicket above, named after himself

TERPSICHORE OF ENGLAND: Miss Myrtle Peter, who danced before Princess Mary Countess of Harewood at the Women's League of Service for the Motherhood Garden Party, held in aid of Infant Welfare at Mrs. Gasque's charming Hampstead home

EVERY BRANCH OF SPORT INVADED: A group of woman athletes at Stamford Bridge. Mrs. M. Cornell (nearest the camera) is seen winning the 80 metres hurdles in the world's record time of 12-$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds at the Women's Interclub Championships

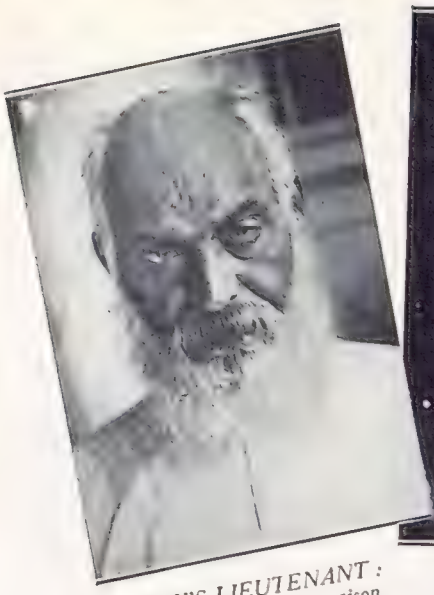
JAPAN'S ROYALTY IN THE CITY

LONDON'S ROYAL VISITORS: Prince and Princess Takamatsu drive through the City bound for the Mansion House, where they were entertained to lunch by the Lord Mayor. Scarlet and gold, ribbons and Orders, invested the occasion with pageantry

RETURNING THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S VISIT: Prince Takamatsu in impressive uniform, and his charming wife, who has been compared to the Duchess of York, arrive at the Mansion House. The Prince is presenting the King with the Order of the Rising Sun. An escort of Life Guards resplendent in gleaming breast plates, shining helmets, and sleek horses accompanied the Royal visitors to the City

H.R.H. of Japan: Princess Takamatsu

A LABOUR FUNCTION IN A ONCE ROYAL PALACE: Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald chats at Hampton Court to Mr. Ramanathan of Ceylon, one of the Imperial Press Delegates now in London



GANDHI'S LIEUTENANT: *Vallabhai Patel now in prison*

THE ULTIMATE POWER IN INDIA: *British troops moving up in lorries to quell disorder*

EMBLEMS OF HOLINESS: *Not least is the fakir*

The Triumph of the Simon Report

A Tribute to, and an Analysis of, a Great Piece of Statecraft

By Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

By far the most complete and able résumé of the glories and problems of British India that has ever been written is embodied in Part I of the Simon Report. Never before has there been quite the same occasion, and never before has an exhaustive yet brief résumé of the story and fruit of 200 years of endeavour been required. It shows us the India that is as large as Europe less Russia, the India of 320,000,000 people, of 600 ruling chiefs in treaty with the British Crown and not with an Indian Parliament, of 200 different languages, of fierce conflicting religions, and numerous minorities of widely different needs. To read the Report is to feel that the Commissioners have grasped a marvellous amount of the inwardness of each problem, which is often so markedly different from the outwardness. The value and the high merit of Part I has been recognized by the civilized world and by the wiser and better of educated Indians, and the cries of that portion of the Indian Press, by no means the whole, to which the term "pipsqueak" may well be applied—the portion of the Press whose income is largely derived from the advertisement of aphrodisiacs—may be entirely disregarded.

It was folk of this mentality who must needs greet the Commission on its arrival, a Commission so entirely formed in the interests of India, with the placards inscribed "Go Back Simon."

But it is one thing to state the problem concisely and sympathetically and to see the real India behind "the loose loves carved on the temple stones," and quite another to be able to solve it.

Can the Commission put the inferences drawn in Part I to a profitable conclusion? Can the hurried War-warped plans for a constitution be guided on to wiser lines? Because of the "ifs" and "cans" involved, the appearance of Part II has been awaited with something like suspense. Now that this unanimous Report of men chosen by His Majesty from the three political parties in both Houses of Parliament has appeared, the world is gratified and amazed—gratified that a complete proposal is put forward; amazed that while treating the problem as a whole, in the best interests of the Indian people, it can offer a solution which pays more than lip-service to the matter of safeguards, yet is a distinct advance on the existing situation. It is a solution containing all the germs of progress as the country becomes ripe for progress, yet nevertheless never burks the essential features of the problem and the essential position of Great Britain, and indeed the British Empire, thereto.

The Report points out that British parliamentary institutions are not necessarily suitable for peoples of entirely different ways, habits, and history, and that in any case the forty million or so of folk in an Indian Province is quite enough people on which to inflict a franchise and work a Parliament. It uses this point to emphasize the principle of the Central Government, which the Montford Reforms fatuously tried to make into a Parliament. The general proposals are based on the principle of a Federation of large States, in which the principle of self-government or Swaraj has been completely developed, with a Federal Government deriving its power from the Crown, aided by Councils which are only indirectly representative and in which the Ministers are appointed by the Viceroy.

The Report has pointed out that at present a single constituency for the Assembly at Delhi is often as large as the British Isles. In future the Legislative Assembly will be composed of members elected by the Provincial Governments or nominated by the Viceroy. As now, the Central or Federal Government will deal with certain subjects only, and have certain revenues at its disposal. The Provincial Governments will be relieved of all trace of Diarchy. The Commission recognize that Diarchy, that is to say the confiding of the executive work to two classes of Ministers, some responsible to the Legislature others to the Governor, was but a device to cover a period of experiment. It has served that purpose reasonably well and where worked *con amore* has not failed. In future the Provincial Governments should have the executive in the hands of a Minister responsible to the Cabinet.

This the Commission dwell on very forcibly—Cabinet responsibility. There were some of the most experienced of the Indian Governors such as Lord Willingdon, then Governor of Madras, who were always anxious to work on these lines from the beginning. But the Commission in all their Report give prominence to one cardinal and outstanding fact, viz., that *the King's Government must be carried on.* This is elementary, yet is so constantly overlooked. To ensure this they provide for prerogative. The Governors of Provinces and the Governor-General are given, or rather continue to wield, sufficient prerogative to enable attempts to upset procedure and business vain. They may restore measures to the statute book, and they may sanction supplies for essential service, Governors may select whoever they wish for any particular post in the Ministry.

In a way this power rests also with His Majesty advised by the Government of the day, in that anyone made a peer is at once available as a Minister. Sir John Simon has explained that prerogative is the safeguard of developing governments and peoples, that business shall not be blocked. The dwindling of prerogative, that is to say the disuse of powers that are no longer needed, is a feature of our own Crown. His Majesty has many powers that are dormant, and similarly the Governor-General and Governors will and must have powers, as they have had during the past ten years, to keep the machine running, that will in time fall into disuse.

The voice of experience has at present only been raised on two major points in the recommendations of the Commission. First in the giving of the police control to the provincial Ministers. Sir Michael O'Dwyer, whose executive experience is very great, has raised a note of warning, and it is this point that will "stick in the gizzards" of all those who know what the underground current of crime, sedition, and anarchy is, or what the police at the present juncture are going through. Sir Michael knows, for instance, what went on during the assassination period of young Bengal, and the fierce revolutionary epic of the Bhabbar Akali. The Commission, however, have to some extent disarmed this criticism by showing that they do know the under-currents, that they are aware what goes on, and still they see that provincial responsibility demands the trial. But here again their sheet-anchor is the Governor's prerogative.

To the Ministry any individual, British or Indian, official or non-official, may be appointed, becoming qualified by nomination to one of the nominated appointments to the Legislature. Sir Michael has also pointed out that there are grave objections to the Viceroy making the appointments to the Cabinet of the Central Government, but this again is part of the prerogative that enables the Viceroy—the other name for the Governor-General—to ensure at all times suitable Ministers free of the somewhat cramping rules that at present exist. The recommendations are therefore a part of the policy, though no doubt the objections that Sir Michael voices are powerful and will need close weighing in the balance.

For many years those conversant with the problem of India have always realized that the position of the Ruling Princes was a barrier to a homogeneous or logical structure of Government of federation and India, and if you like to use the phrase, also a great safeguard. They rule two-fifths of the land, and in their own minds know no master other than the Crown and its representative, not the nebulous Crown behind the offices of Whitehall, but the living Crown as represented by His Majesty in person, a Crown first truly personified to them by Queen Victoria. To bring them into the great federation of India was the chief constructive piece of statesmanship looming ahead, and by definitely planking for federation as the aim of their structure the Commission have shown how this is to be done.

The Federal Government is to be the centre of largely autonomous provinces, some Governors' Provinces, some Princes' Provinces, each developing within certain limits on lines to suit their own conditions, with a Federal Government at the head not in the hands of a democratic unskilled assembly, but aided by a selected Legislature which should have the wise choice of the Provinces as its basis, including the Princes' Provinces. By this conception the futility of the expression "Dominion Status" goes by the board as a parrot cry. We use that phrase to represent the six millions all-British, all-Christian folk of Australia, the one and a half millions of New Zealand for instance, and cursed be he who first drew it across the trail of Indian development. It is a *continental status* that India must have, and the grouped Federation of forty-million is a greater conception.

The power of development is what the Commission aims at giving India, the using of the best men to develop the fortunes of the forty-million province to which they belong, and the report is redolent of sympathy with all the aspirations of awakening India, as it is also mindful of the numerous minorities whose interests must be protected. It is in fact in the reiteration of all these "musts," all the really vital problems that lie under the surface that the Report is really most remarkable. Napoleon always used to say, "Faites moi Voir," and it is as if the Simon Commission had received this command from the Empire; make us see free of partizanship what this problem of this great continent is to be and how we may help it. It is of course to be understood that the Report was written well before the present disturbances began, and before the culmination of ten years in which authority has been cried down, resulted in the Ghandi-ism, Bengal fanaticism, and above all, Communist propaganda, which has under-run that system of law and order which must precede any development. If moderate opinion rallies to the support of law and order, then the Report can proceed on its Revolutionary career, and to the solvent of the great Conference in the autumn. Sir John Simon has said that the Report aims at a complete solution, but that no one would be more gratified than the Commission if discussion can improve on it.

The question of the Army in India, one of the most difficult and anomalous circles to square, is dealt with in a statesmanlike way, by which the main defending army is to be as it is now, an Imperial garrison, and the provinces may raise local forces for local purposes. The formula that will solve the problem has been discovered.

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Biography and Autobiography

"The Sphere's" Literary Letter, by CECIL ROBERTS

FRANK, FEARLESS, AND FASCINATING: Miss Ethel Mannin, whose autobiography, "Confessions and Impressions," has had both a succes d'estime *and a* succes de scandale

Miss Ethel Mannin leapt into the public eye with her novel *Sounding Brass*, which everyone declared was based on the life history of Sir Charles Higham. It was in part, the complimentary part, and now, in her *Confessions and Impressions* (Jarrolds. 10s. 6d.), she restores the balance. Sir Charles was too good copy to waste; Miss Mannin coined money out of his unquenchable egotism, and now shows us how human the egotist can be. I am not one of those who feels his gorge rise when a young man or woman start out by saying "I'm very clever—look at me!" In an old man it would be ridiculous; his account is full and you can add it up for yourself, but I like to believe all young people are clever. It makes life so much more exciting. Miss Mannin, in her book, does not declare she is a genius, but she does claim that she is a very unusual young lady who cares not one or two damns for anybody on the earth, and the more we feel shocked the better.

There were moments, during my reading of this frank and courageous confession, when I felt Miss Mannin must really be a quite impossible person, and then there were moments when she was so very human, impulsive, and altogether reckless about public opinion that I knew not which to admire most, her courage in being herself or her skill in merciless self-analysis. Also, and this finally made me capable of forgiving her anything, she had splendid loyalties. I like the just valuation she has given Beverley Nichols, his audacity, his gaiety, his very real talent, and under all the façade, his lovableness. I like, too, the long-delayed tribute to Holbrook Jackson, who, had he been capable of mixing a little humbug with his astonishing ability, would stand forth as a national possession like Belloc, Chesterton, or Shaw. He has both the figure and mind of a public character, and very aptly Miss Mannin attributes his failure to achieve this position as "the outward and visible sign of his unassailable inner rectitude as an intellectual." I pay tribute to Miss Mannin's extraordinary eye for character and her swift skill in depicting it. Both men I know intimately, and I envy the author portraits that I would like to have had the ability to draw.

Wherever I can test, by personal knowledge, the author's biographical sketches—they cover Sir Charles Higham, Gilbert Frankau, Arnold Bennett, Somerset Maugham, Osbert Sitwell, Karsavina—they seem to penetrate the surface, criticize without malice, award without favour. As with the whole book, the writing is vital, the outlook fresh, the tone courageous. I have seldom read a book whose honesty was so deep or indifferent to reward, and for this reason must retain a real value among contemporary portraiture.

But the portraits belong to only the last half of the book. The first half stands by itself. I had to read it twice, so mixed were my feelings of annoyance and admiration. On the second reading admiration won. I may not subscribe to Miss Mannin's amoral code, being either old-fashioned or timid. I would like the freedom of action she claims. To be honest I think we all would, but there is something deeper than our right to live our own lives as we wish, there is our relationship to Society. The rules of conduct must be as rigorous as the rules of traffic otherwise there is nothing but collisions. Miss Mannin enjoys collision. At nineteen she was a wife and a mother. Her husband is jettisoned in a sentence: a lover is little more than a man who leaves the key in an accessible position. One has the uncomfortable feeling that Miss Mannin would like to restore the *oubliette* of Tamar. That is Miss Mannin at her worst. She is passionate, she is relentless, she rejoices in a touch of the *gamin*.

Born of working-class parents, educated in a board school, sent out to attack the world with a stenographer's pencil and notebook, this is a defiant, spirited young girl with that touch of something we call genius. Every leaf of her laurels she has deserved; that the process has left her nothing but a bleak agnosticism may be regretted for her own sake. Position, money, success, and a zest for itinerant love will soon mean nothing. Miss Mannin has a long way to travel yet; in her path through the *Divine Comedy* she has already taken a few steps in *Purgatorio*. But wherever the journey leads, a spirit of such courage must compel admiration. The poet in her will turn out the somewhat hard materialist.

There are pages of exquisite sensibility in this book. She found her house the dream-house—

> "And now I am living here, and the giant oak dips its branches to my study window, as the plane tree did, and the tragic green willow, and I have planted apple trees and taken root with them, and every spring will be an ecstasy of wild daffodils, and every summer a drenching sweetness of honeysuckle and jasmin stars, and sometimes still can I scarcely believe it is true."

But what of the house not made with hands? Miss Mannin has not yet crossed its threshold, The sincerity of this book makes me certain her pilgrimage will yet lead her to it.

Mr. Donald Carswell, who has given us *Sir Walter, a Four-part Study in Biography* (John Murray. 15s.), has followed an interesting plan. We see Scott through the eyes of Hogg, Lockhart, Joanna Baillie, and the novelist himself. This oblique method of biography has great advantages. Three pairs of eyes looking at the man see things missed by the odd person. It comes as a shock to be told that the beginning of Scott's honourable downfall into financial disaster was due to avarice. Yet the facts appear undeniable. When he had enough he wanted more, and to obtain this he concealed a partnership in a publishing firm which he should not have entered into as a public official. Mr. Carswell, by his independent appraisal, based on the soundest facts and seconded by the observations of Scott's own contemporaries, has written a book that makes one of the heroic figures in English literature still more lovable. This outline of a life is presented also with considerable dramatic skill; it is highly readable and eminently sane.

My reading this week has been largely biographical. From Mr. Carswell and Scott I turn to the first flight of Miss Marjorie Johnstone, a study of Napoleon, *Domination* (Murray. 12s.). Miss Johnstone is seventeen, I understand. If so I salute her remarkable essay on the world's most biographed character. There scarcely can be anything new about Napoleon, and Miss Johnstone must not be blamed for re-telling well-known facts. But she should have avoided the abrupt, cinema-flicker of her picture. It is like reading a note-book of someone about to begin an essay on Napoleon. Here is all the scaffolding of a full-dress parade and the central figure never emerges. Napoleon's barber, Napoleon's wife, Napoleon's painter, they are all grouped in the foreground to no purpose. At times the obstinacy of Miss Johnstone's opinion is apt to irritate. She obtrudes her own views of destiny and her philosophy of the Universe. But it is the peculiarity of extreme youth to be positive. I have enjoyed this book, with reservations, but it leaves me waiting with much expectation for Miss Johnstone's next venture. She has scholarship, and a gift that signifies more than precocity. Her historical sense seems rarely at fault.

The Bensonians are a large and notable family, and if Sir Frank Benson wrote only of those who owe much to his influence he would have the material of a large book. As it is, modesty has set severe limits to the space and nature of *My Memoirs* (Benn. 15s.). Actors, poets, novelists, have been glad to start their careers as supers in his company. There was something dynamic about the man who could attract to his standard and enlist, for low pay and hard work, the most promising youth of the land. Yet I could wish Sir Frank had devoted a volume to himself, to a fuller remembrance of those early days at Alresford, of which he writes so charmingly. Those were the days when the small Benson shook hands with "Sir Robert Tichborne." He saw the first railway come to connect Alresford with the outer world, but more vivid than all, "still in my fancy, above this medley of sounds, by the fireside, or in the watches of the night, the old starling taps against the nursery window, and the skylark sings triumphant as he soars above the Downs."

This is a record of a happy life, of renown steadily won, and of reward in the affection of those associated with him.

Everyone on the side of the Allies during the War heard of "Daredevil" Samson. With his Captain Kettle beard and temperament, he almost became as sensational a figure as Lawrence. He was the first person to armour cars, and his flying squad in September, 1914, became a veritable nightmare to the raiding Uhlans There is probably no man in the Services with a more exciting story to tell. For that reason I am disappointed in this book, *Fights and Flights* (Benn. 21s.). Instead of telling his story with the immensely dramatic material at his disposal, Air-Commodore Samson has devoted himself to a pedestrian account in which his desire is to mention everyone by name, and pay credit where credit is due. It reveals the author in a generous mood, but this patient recital robs the book of the excitement one expects. It is of little interest to know how every obscure and semi-obscure person did his bit, particularly when one knows, if half the legends told were true, that the Commodore had more adventures in a week than most men in the four years of the War. The fault is due, doubtless, to the fact that the author is not a trained writer. It was a general opinion among many of us War correspondents who were cognizant of the facts of the Commodore's career that he never received anything like adequate recognition of his tremendous courage, tireless energy, and unfailing initiative. It is characteristic of the man that there is not a single whimper in this long record. He goes out of his way to pay tribute to his colleagues, but this generosity has resulted in a book that gives an inadequate presentation of the Commodore's amazing exploits.

What is the truth about Russia? Every visitor has a different story. My own brief excursion left me more ignorant than when I went, except that it seemed to me that the driving force in Moscow came from a group of American Jews. I have the same difficulty in extracting Mr. Negley Farson's opinion from his book, *Seeing Red* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.). Mr. Farson writes from long residence and intimate knowledge. He speaks the language and has therefore the key to the minds of the people. His studies of applied Bolshevism create a picture of system run mad, but the most surprising of his facts is that not more than some 20 per cent. of the people in the cities are Communists, and that the propagators of the gospel of the New Socialism in the distant villages are earnest young men whose zeal often leads them to martyrdom amid the crass bestiality of the peasantry.

It is a grim picture, this life of regulated work and leisure, of blocks of tenements whose inhabitants had no private life, as they may have no private opinions. It takes seventeen minutes to get married and twenty to get divorced, a birth registration costs fourpence, marriage four shillings, divorce fourteen and sixpence. Amid a race of theorists *par excellence* the Committee is for ever sitting and talking.

Mr. Farley sees the comedy in this scene of earnest theorists; there are moments when you hope he is going to express a personal opinion, but at the close of some three hundred pages I am still in doubt whether he is a good Communist, or believes the experiment is as yet inconclusive. He draws his picture and avoids caricature, and for that much one is grateful after so much partisanship, but I found myself wishing at odd moments that he would reveal his private opinion. Only in a lament for night clubs does one detect an ache for the old days. The violent anti-Christian cartoons which illustrate this book are very remarkable.

This is the day of the omnibus book. Never was there a time when the reader got more for his money. Once upon a time no publisher would look at a novel more than 100,000 words in length. It was not a commercial proposition. Now the publisher calculates on how fat a volume he can issue without a strike of the booksellers. Messrs. Benn are now attempting to beat the field. They are about to issue the biggest and cheapest book ever put on the English market. Six of the novels of Miss Ethel M. Dell are to be sold in one volume at the price of 7s. 9d. This odd price has been arrived at on "a perfect system of costing." The publisher calculates on a sale of 50,000 copies, with no bad stock.

It is brave, it is scientific, but does anyone really want to read six novels of any one author at one swoop? These mass attacks, even of the masters of prose, frighten me from even a nibble at their monumental works. I believe Mr. Galsworthy started it all, unwittingly, with his Saga. There are some authors who can make the long stride. Mr. Galsworthy is one, Mr. Bennett, who, I hear, is finishing a 200,000 word excursion in the lives of the people he knows so well is another. They command loyalties that no battalions of words can diminish, but two such generals of the mass formation school are sufficient. Life is too short. Mr. Kipling wrote cameos. Brevity is often the soul of genius, and I prefer ten authors under my arm to one in a wheelbarrow.

THE ART OF THE FLOWERY LAND: A scene at the Globe Theatre, where, after Moissi and the Pitoeffs, the Cochran-Browne management has presented London with a new dramatic thrill in the persons of the Japanese players

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

The International Season at the Globe Theatre is finishing in a blaze of oriental glory, the Japanese Players proving a fresh and pleasant novelty to even the most jaded of palates—perhaps particularly to the hardened theatre-goers. Their success at their opening was sincere, and I wondered whether, after Madame Pitoëff and Herr Moissi, it was not in a small way caused by the feeling of relief in not having to pretend to understand what they were saying.

They have irrevocably exploded the myth of the inscrutable Oriental, as never have I seen such emotion nor heard such screaming—one moment falsetto, the next guttural. They would make a row between Germans in a beer-garden sound like a mild flirtation between two doves, but it was all tremendously effective and awe-inspiring.

The programme is divided into several parts, none having any relation to the others.

The first showed a street-scene in the Yoshiwara district of Tokio, in which two gentlemen with an immodest taste in straw hats fight with heavy swords because of their love for a courtesan, which character seems to be a great favourite with foreign playwrights. Just when they looked as if they might at any moment hurt each other another lady, ignoring the fact that it is a private fight, joins the party and tells the playful swordsmen to run along home to mother, as they really only think the lady is attractive because she plies her trade in the Yoshiwara district. Although this would seem to us stupid Westerners to be a deterrent rather than a recommendation, the combatants at once give up the idea of making mincemeat of each other, and presumably depart together to the local public-house instead.

The lady who interrupts the sword-play is played by a man, which seemed to delight everybody.

After this pleasant enough morsel, which effected its purpose of creating the necessary atmosphere, the beauty chorus appears in various innocuous dances in which the hands played a prominent part. Some of these ladies' hands looked as if they had Paradise to give away, and I found it all very quaint and enjoyable, especially when two gentlemen performed some diverting evolutions in which they even moved their feet. The mask-dance which one of them gave was particularly clever.

The next item was a fierce and horrifying drama, the plot of which is as old as time. A wicked lord of a province abducts a young and beauteous maiden after having her lover's father dispatched for not putting a petition "through the usual channels." The heads of our own Government Departments must be great students of Japanese customs, although as yet they are a little more lenient towards people who disregard their dicta.

The lover goes to the local fencing-master and then, armed with his father's sword, goes off to rescue his lady-love. On his way he rescues an old man from brigands, who is silly enough to wander about the country (which appears to have an insufficient police force), carrying a large sum of money. This is unnecessary and has nothing to do with the plot. I felt the old man deserved to be robbed for being such a fool.

The last scene of this playlet shows the unscrupulous lord's house complete with pretty Geisha-girls. The heroine is dragged on all bound-up with a tiny piece of string, but in no uncertain way lets it be known that she prefers death to dishonour. Her lover dashes into the house and performs a Douglas Fairbanks act with more gusto than seems humanely possible. Never have I seen such leaping and frolicking about whilst he fights three of the lord's henchmen, and eventually gets wounded and tied up with his beloved, all with the same small piece of string.

They are just about to be transfixed with a lance, when on stalks a friend of the lover's father, cuts the string, and the whole merry business starts all over again, to everybody's huge satisfaction. Two of the enemy are finished off and the lover is left to fight the remaining one, who happens to be his father's murderer, with his father's friend as a slightly prejudiced referee, because just as the hero is getting the worst of the argument his friend sportingly pinions his opponent's arms to his sides, which of course tends to simplify matters as far as the lover is concerned.

It seems that in Japan lords look with some gravity on people who murder their servants all over the house, so the friend obligingly commits *hari-kari* to show that he was the cause of the masses of corpses lying untidily about the stage and leaves the lovers to live happily ever after.

I have never seen a Japanese play which did not include *hari-kari* in its repertoire, but I have never seen this act portrayed with such simple pride combined with pathos.

Tokujiro Tsutsui gave the part of the friend tremendous dignity, whilst Kiyoshi Mimasu showed great virility and temper as the hero.

The final sketch is a very mild effort, after the excitement caused by the one preceding it, and is definitely an anti-climax. Before this scene the running order of the programme was perfect, as we were always interested, and then thrilled, but adding this relatively uninteresting tit-bit was bad showmanship.

The Japanese Players should catch on, and induce Messrs. Cochran and Browne to prolong their season, as the plays they present and the way they put them on is most entertaining and instructive to any student of the theatre.

The Japanese Players made such a profound impression upon me that it was difficult for me to attune my mind to the necessary receptivity for the purpose of enjoying the flippant charms of musical comedy, especially as the story of *The Love Race* at the Gaiety Theatre is so very involved, and even if it were not involved the whole plot seems rather unnecessary.

After all, stories of musical comedies are only written to give an excuse for amusing situations and pleasant musical numbers. Of the former there are many in this play—of the latter few.

It appears that owing to an accidental exchange of suit-cases everybody has to pretend to be married, engaged, or something to everybody else, but as we know it will all pan out all right at the end, it didn't matter very much what had happened before, excepting that it gave plenty of opportunities for Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff to rush out on to the stage on frequent occasions, to our huge joy. They rather reminded me of two rabbits popping out of holes after a ferret has been put down, and their team-work was amazingly good.

The book is by Stanley Lupino whose family, I understand, have been in show business for 200 years. Mr. Lupino must have dived deep into the archives of his family history to find most of the jokes used, but it is only fair to say that to the majority of the audience they appeared to be new, judging by the laughter they evoked.

The Lord Chamberlain, who was in the box, need not have worried about any of the funny stories, as if there had been anything wrong with them it would have been brought to the notice of one of his predecessors.

With all this, it is surprising how jolly the whole thing was.

Connie Emerald was the best of the female element, as she was the most natural, and Frederick Conyngham, a new Australian juvenile, might develop into being really good.

This show should appeal particularly to youngsters, as its chief asset is good, wholesome comedy.

Within the last year or two there has been a revived interest in the Great War period, in literature, the films, and the theatre.

The fortune that was made by the great drama of the War, *Journey's End*, has been mentioned so much in the papers that it is now almost an old story. Others came, but did not conquer. One young manager even revived a farce of the War, which had a successful run some years ago, but the success was not repeated.

I do not remember a musical show dealing with this period in the West End since cessation of hostilities, although I have seen many in the provinces. I was, therefore, particularly interested to see how the Hippodrome audience would react to *Sons o' Guns*, which is an English adaptation of a big New York success. As it happened, the War was passed over in a bright and easy manner, excepting that we were treated to quite a lot of rifle exercises, which the gentlemen of the chorus executed nearly as well as real soldiers.

The story is mainly of a wealthy young man who, after "dodging the column," finally enlists, presumably because his four personal men-servants leave him for the joys of soldiering, and he does not like the idea of bringing himself his early morning cup of tea. He goes to France and falls in love with the inevitable beautiful French girl that nearly all heroes of War-period plays and films find lying about behind the lines. He almost gets shot as a spy, escapes and captures a machine-gun, and ends up in the arms of his dainty French charmer, leaving his English fiancé to marry a convenient friend.

Bobby Howes, in the principal male part, has not the opportunities he was given in *Mr. Cinders* to distinguish himself, but, nevertheless, strives manfully with a part which is not ideal for him.

Mireille Perrey, brought all the way from Paris, was a big success. Her success was particularly astonishing when one realizes that only six weeks ago she did not know a word of English.

The show was beautifully dressed, and the chorus as effervescent and bright as is customary in Clayton and Waller's productions.

There were two particularly tuneful numbers, "It's You I Love" and "Why?" This latter was slightly reminiscent of "Who" from *Sunny*, but after all there is only a difference of one letter in the title. We shall doubtless hear it played so much that we shall inevitably get just as sick of it as we did of its predecessor.

JEALOUSY: Mr. John Wyse and Miss Mary Newcomb in the tour de force, for two players only, successfully revived at the Arts Theatre Club, and now transferring to the Little Theatre

PLAYS AND BALLETS OF THE MOMENT

A Survey of the New Productions of the London Stage

THE PENALTIES OF "FRETTING": Mr. Sebastian Smith, with his hand cut by his fret-saw, sits between Mr. Robert Douglas and Miss Maisie Darrell, the secretary of the bungalow builder invading "Badger's Green," by R. C. Sherriff, at the Prince of Wales's. A great effort is being made to boom this delicate comedy of village life

THE OLD GUARD OF "BADGER'S GREEN": Mr. Horace Hodges, Mr. Louis Goodrich, and Mr. Sebastian Smith, the "die hards," with Mr. Robert Douglas, discuss with resentment the plans for "improvement and modernization" submitted by the invading builder of a bungalow town, who is redeemed from his nefarious plan to ruin so lovely a spot as Badger's Green, the *locale* of Mr. Sherriff's new play, only by the influence of village cricket—a moment at the Prince of Wales's

MODERN DÉCOR: Miss Diana Wynyard and Mr. Morton Selten, and Mr. Laurence Irving's scenery, in "Petticoat Influence" at the St. Martin's

"BER-LUD"! Mr. Aubrey Smith the English detective, and Miss Marion Lorne, the brilliant comedienne, in "The Way to Treat a Woman," at the Duke of York's

AT THE "THEATRE ANGLAIS": The Lyric, Hammersmith, is presenting the Marie Rambert ballet, one star of which is Miss Diana Gould, seen above in costume

"OUR LADY'S JUGGLER": Miss Marie Rambert and Mr. Harold Turner in a ballet based on the old Franciscan and Provençal religious ideal, presented at the Lyric, Hammersmith

A STAR OF THE MARIE RAMBERT BALLET: Mr. Frederick Ashton, who is responsible for the choreography of the "Capriol Suite" and other ballets, one of which has Augustus John decor

WHEN WILL THE SWORD BE SHEATHED IN CHINA? A headsman of Canton tests his blade

THE YELLOW—SALVATION.—Britain, America, Japan, possibly with the addition of France and Germany, should join forces, and exercise every legitimate moral influence to bring to an end the cival war in China.

With short interludes of peace, these civil wars have been going on since the overthrow of the monarchy in 1911. There is little prospect that any "President," "War Lord," or "Government" in the near future, will be strong enough to hold down various selfish War Lords who, under the cloak of national idealism, take the field for political and material gains.

The Chinese people are patient and long-suffering. The armies ravish the country through which they march. When it is not the soldiers, then it is the bandits.

Tupans, usually self-elevated Military Governors, or rebellious generals, levy extortionate taxes and force loans for arms, munitions, and equipment, make deals with other Tupans, or generals, then fight against the Central Government.

No greater blessing could be brought to China and the Chinese than that this chaos and welter of fighting were stopped if only for a few years. Not only would that be China's salvation, but in the interest of the whole world.

For years there has been much talk of the closed markets of Russia, and what it would mean to economics and employment if trade with Russia were once again in full swing. Under the new régime in Moscow, trade with Russia will never be "free." It will be limited and restricted.

The Chinese market is several times greater than that of Russia. The Chinese is far more industrious than the Russian peasant, has a greater flair for modern things, is a better buyer and a greater spender—if he has money—than was ever the Russian peasant.

There are about 140,000,000 Russians. China has a population estimated between 450,000,000 and 500,000,000—the greatest potential market in the world. Given a chance to work, to earn, the Chinese will buy. If China had the opportunity of spending but one shilling per month per head of its population, and internal peace would soon offer that opportunity and more, the sum would aggregate the stupendous figure of £300,000,000.

Hundreds of thousands of Chinese have died of starvation, more thousands are slowly dying of starvation, in part due to the civil wars.

In Canada millions of bushels of wheat are unsold—no buyers.

I am well aware that accepted principles of international relations forbid interference in the "internal affairs" of another country. That should in no wise preclude the countries I have mentioned from getting together, temporarily overlooking their rivalries in China for the common good, to see what legitimate pressure can be brought to bear to end the endless chaos.

Or that august, though hitherto impotent, super-government in Geneva might try the strength of its moral influence. Should it discover that it has no moral influence it could send the League of Nations' Air Force, advocated by Clifford Harmon, American. Fortunately, or unfortunately, so far that has been all "air" and no "force."

While worrying about Russian markets, why not give a thought to the greater one in China?

U.S.—E!—The "United States of Europe" is being made in America.

The spectre of a Europe united in economic and political interests, defensively or offensively, against the growing power of the "capitalistic imperialism" of the United States, which America sees looming on the horizon, will be largely of America's own making.

The American Congress, and the Republican Administration of President Hoover, have given this movement the greatest impetus since Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, idealist and blend of Teutonic and Japanese mind, first dreamed that dream.

That nebulous "dream stuff" is slowly taking outline and form. Like suns and planets born from invisible particles of matter in infinite space, so economic or political units, born of necessity or opportunism, can and do evolve out of the thought world.

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY

writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

Tremendous pressure of vast debts, enormous taxation, unprecedented unemployment on the one side, the driving force of the standardized mechanized young economic Goliath in the West, is stimulating and directing thought in Europe beyond the limits of narrow and selfish national boundaries.

On July 15, the replies of twenty-six European nations, members of the League of Nations, to the points raised by Monsieur Aristide Briand in the Memorandum of the French Government on a system of European Federal Union, will be received in Paris. That is Briand's scheme for a United States of Europe. It is the nucleus in the "Foggy Way" of Europe's economic misery, around which thought on this plan is to revolve. And America's new High Tariff, which seems to embody a policy of "Sell to all the world but keep out the world's products from our home market" is giving impetus to that thought.

Overwhelmingly in debt to America, still borrowing, paying tremendous sums in unproductive doles to keep the workless alive, Europe is sullenly resentful of that condition, and of that near-economic vassalage. Not only Europe, but some of the South American States as well.

In some sections of Brazil, I was told on my visit to Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco last month, labour conditions as a result of unsold coffee and rubber crops are bordering on slavery again. Wages are as low as one milreis—sixpence—a day.

There is a great economic slump in America too. I found the gloom in New York as thick as the winter fog in London. With optimism almost a national religion, I have never before seen Americans so full of pessimism. Public statements by President Hoover, by leading bankers, that "the worst is over," and front page newspaper announcements that "good times are coming back," have failed to rekindle the dim, flickering flame of "American optimism" and have been followed by further slumps.

To us in Europe it is no consolation to know that the Americans are "getting their turn." It is making America desperate, and from that desperation has grown the new High Tariff against foreign goods, out of professed fears of "European dumping." At the same time, efforts in the United States are being intensified to capture more world-markets with machine-made mass production at prices that Europe will find it increasingly difficult to compete with.

All that has influence on the thought of a United States of Europe.

SUPERSTITIONS OF A SUPERMAN.—Captain Christian Christiansen, German "Pour le Mérite" Ace of the War, has been selected to command the gigantic twelve-motored Dornier *Do.X* seaplane across the Atlantic, probably with sixteen persons aboard.

Captain Christiansen puts his trust in the good luck brought him by a British horse-shoe which he has carried since 1914. This horse-shoe he found on the Mole at Zeebrugge, just after the British Cavalry — Lancers he thinks — had embarked. He has never been without it since that time.

Christiansen was Germany's chief seaplane ace during the War, and the horse-shoe was fastened in the cockpit of his 'plane on every flight. The only time that he was shot down was when, in addition to the British horse-shoe, he carried with him a German four-leaf clover sent by a friend. Members of his detachment warned him against taking both.

"The horse-shoe and the four-leaf clover will fight, and neutralize each other's good influence for good luck."

He did not heed the warning. That day he was shot down off Zeebrugge. German destroyers dashed out to save him, also dragged in his 'plane. He took the horse-shoe out of the cockpit as he was rescued. Felt for the clover in his pocket. It was gone. Later it was found sticking to one of the floats of the seaplane.

"The horse-shoe was stronger than the clover-leaf, and in the fight between the two, the horse-shoe threw the clover-leaf out," explained his mechanic, who added that now the clover-leaf must be buried.

So deep was this conviction in Captain Christiansen's seaplane station, that his entire detachment marched in formation to the mole, and solemnly buried in the sea off the Mole the heavily weighted, now dreaded, German four-leaf clover.

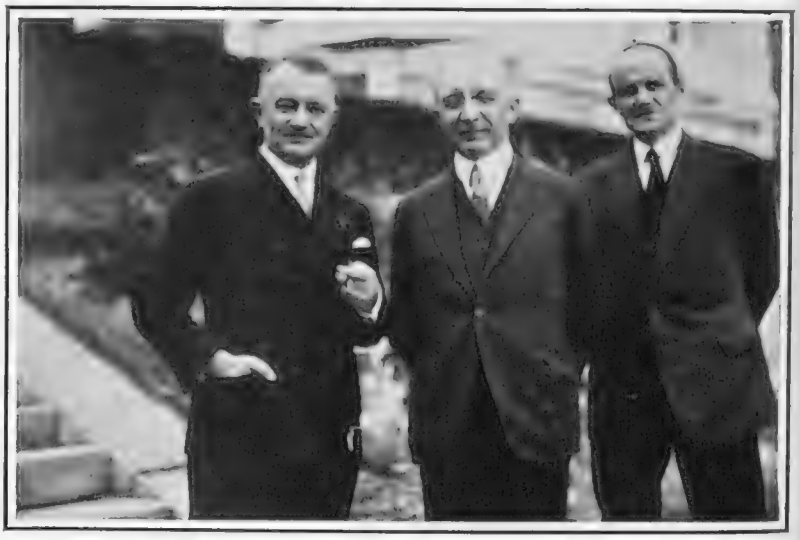
On the ocean steamers which he has since commanded, the horse-shoe was always fastened on the bridge or in his cabin.

When the *Do.X* takes off from Lisbon in August for New York, the British horse-shoe will be in the pilot-house, or in the navigation-room of the great "flying ship."

THE MONKEY'S REVENGE.—A Japanese Barnum claims to have discovered the most sensational family of "freaks" ever known. In an almost deserted village, Okumura, twenty-five miles west of Taihoji, he reports that a family of "monkey-men" and "monkey-women" live and flourish.

According to the Japanese newspapers on the subject, many years ago a hunter, now ninety-five and still alive, killed a monkey in the woods near the village. Before the monkey died it cast an evil spell on the hunter, as a result of which the two sons and three daughters of Jintaro Soranaka aged seventy-three, son of the hunter, were born dumb with strange hairy skins. For years they have been kept in their father's house. The eldest is thirty-eight years old. The villagers dread them, accuse them of "monkey tricks" including incendiarism.

The enterprising showman immediately went to the village, which had not been discovered until 1925 when a census official was visiting that part of the country, and offered to buy the five "human monkeys" for twenty pounds each. The father agreed and brought them to Kanazawa in a motor-car. They became so violent and threatening, however, that the showman could do nothing with them, and was obliged to let them return to their village where, it is alleged, they can be seen by curious tourists.



Lady Drummond-Hay

THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE AIR: Captain Christian Christiansen, selected commander of the "Do.X"; Mr. Karl von Wiegand, the most air-travelled journalist in the world, and Mr. Maurice Dornier, brother of the constructor of the giant twelve-motor seaplane "Do.X"

LONELY ST. KILDA

And its Recent Evacuation

THE LOVERS' STONE: Upon this precipitous rock the St. Kildeans used to try their manhood before they were permitted to qualify for a wife

"AS WE IN DREAMS BEHOLD THE HEBRIDES": St. Kilda rises from the sea forty miles west of North Uist. Isolated in the Atlantic, it is the chief of a group of some seventeen islets. Seven miles in circumference, it boasts a peak 1,220 ft. high

A CENTRE OF CIVILIZATION: The village and main street of St. Kilda. Here it was that in May, 1915, a German submarine shelled the island, damaging the church and other buildings. Only on the south-east is there a landing-place, for the rest of the island's perimeter is bound by lofty cliffs

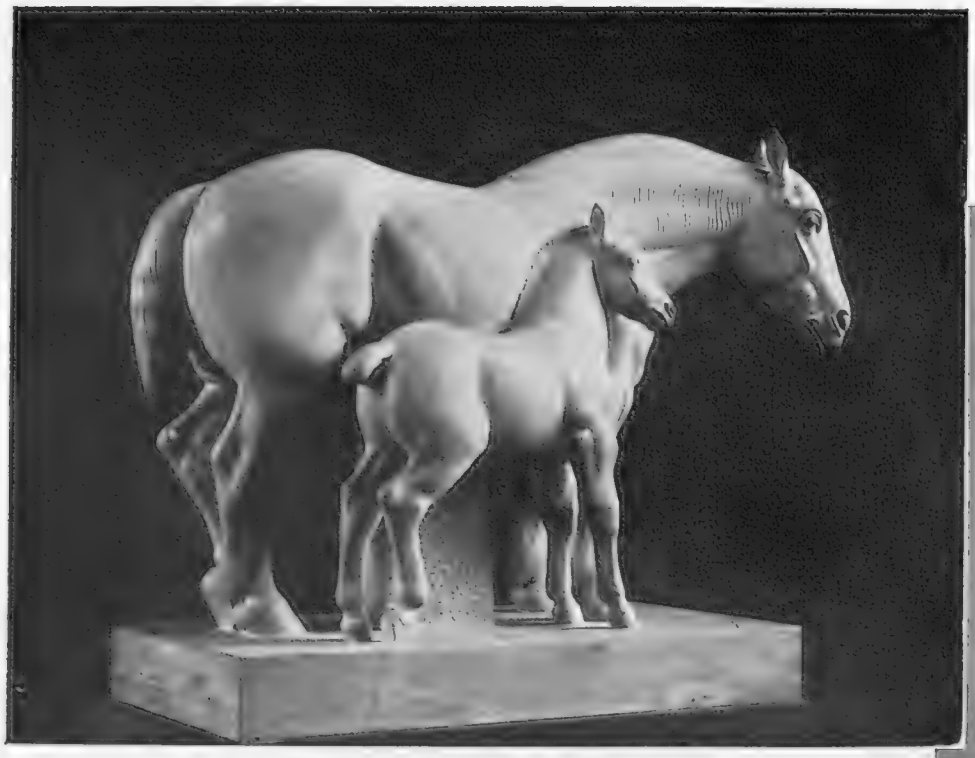
A STAPLE OF ST. KILDEAN LIFE: Fulmars snared off their nests in the cliff are taken to be plucked for the table. They were a favourite food on the lonely island

A HAUNT OF GUILLEMOTS: A stack covered with the sea-birds. This picture shows the sea between St. Kilda itself and Soay—an island in the group famous for Soay sheep, a breed peculiar to the place. Inset in circle is a fulmar lamp, the traditional illumination of the lonely island group, in which a wick was laid and the oil of fulmars burned. They are now replaced with more orthodox paraffin burners

The inhabitants of the island, traditionally the loneliest in the British Isles, have given up the stress and strain of their hardy life and the sweetness of solitude for the comparative comfort of the mainland. The fifty or sixty inhabitants, weary of the continuous isolition and monotony of their life, decimated by illness and sick with neglect — civilization is painfully primitive in the outlying group; mails are delivered but three times a year, and the whole colony, ranked in 1920 as eighty strong, was cut off from the world for five months out of the twelve—applied to be transferred to Glasgow and its environs. To-day, therefore, the fulmar can nest at ease, the guillemot's domination is unchallenged by humanity, for the quest of these birds formed the sole occupation of the islanders. The neighbouring island of Soay is famous for its sheep, but agriculture and pasturage on St. Kilda were barely attempted.

ART of the WEEK

in the London Galleries and Sale Rooms



MR. HERBERT HESELTINE'S COMING EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE: At Knoedler's Galleries in Old Bond Street on July 10 will open a representative collection of Mr. Herbert Heseltine's latest sculpture. One of the most charming of the animal group is the "Mare and Foal" shown here. It is in bronze

A BRONZE HEAD OF A HORSE BY HERBERT HESELTINE: A very striking bronze head of "Suffolk Punch" is included in the exhibition of Mr. Heseltine's work at Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries. Mr. Heseltine originally studied painting in the studio of Andre Morot, but left painting for sculpture, first exhibiting in Paris in 1906

TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S: A fine print—one of a complete set of twenty-five plates by T. S. Boys, to be sold at Sotheby's sale-rooms on July 7. The view is taken about half-way down Regent Street, looking southward towards the Quadrant

A FINE RIVERSIDE PRINT BY R. HAVELL: On July 7 this interesting print by R. Havell, after W. Havell, will be sold at Sotheby's. William Havell was born at Reading in 1782

PURCHASED BY MR. JACOB EPSTEIN: This remarkable head is painted with a fierce vigour by Georges Rouault, a painter as yet little known here. Some idea of the form of the head can be gained from the reproduction here. For savage strength it probably has no equal

At the St. George's Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square, is to be seen a collection of some twenty works by Georges Rouault, a painter welt known in Paris but little known here. His method of putting paint on to canvas is violent, but its savage strength contains certain qualities which are associated with greatness. Mr. R. H. Wilenski writes that Rouault's work is undoubtedly difficult to understand even for those closely in touch with the nineteenth century art spirit. "There is something in this great artist's work – some quality of the spirit that speaks to those only who can react to it. Rouault without question is a real artist . . ."

A ROUAULT OWNED BY THE CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY: A humorous trio by G. Rouault, painted with a certain massive pleasantry. Both the head on the left and this group require distance in order to reach the proper view-point. They acquire depth and veracity denied by a close-up scrutiny

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

PARIS CALLING

A Caustic Causerie from the Gay Capital

By H. PEARL ADAM

RUE TAITBOUT

PAN-AMERICAN.—We are being so American, you can't think. This week is given up to celebrations of all the Americas. The France-America Association decided that it would be a good thing to get together (3,000 and 4,000 miles clear of American territory) and tell each other how brotherly love unites Argentina and Alaska, Canada and Patagonia. July 2 is the Canadian National Fête. July 4, and nobody is allowed to forget it, is the great day of the United States. And July is Bolivar's month. So Paris is rejoicing in the biggest collection of transatlantic accents that she, even she, has ever endured—I mean experienced. Twenty-two nations are represented, and President Doumergue is having them to a banquet. Forty-two committees promoting French-American friendship over there have sent delegates, and these are to enjoy special fêtes presided over by Monsieur Poincaré and Marshal Pétain. The shops are making special displays, in which the word *amitié* is prominent—and prices aren't marked. In fact all's fair in love and money. Some of the heads of dressmaking firms have postponed their departure to fashionable resorts in order to deal with this influx of Pan-Americans. It is always pleasant when the Goldensteins of the Argentine and the Van Purses of Manhattan set to work replenishing their wardrobes in Paris. The rue de la Paix is all for Pan-America; it pans out just right.

America from Alaska to the Argentine is now concentrated in Paris. July is a month of sacred days across the Herring Pond

BARS WITHOUT DRINKS.—Why are modern architects so keen on prison-bars? They seem unable to make a wall or a railing without using rods of steel, so that people one side always look like criminals or creatures in the Zoo to people on the other side. The Théâtre Pigalle, the shining (literally shining!) example, with its extraordinary hot-water-pipe effect. There's a new flower-shop in the Quarter where the bars are flat, giving the idea of a metal paling. It's all very interesting, but very heavy and very severe. Nobody wants to go back to the horrible curlicues of the late unlamented "Art Nouveau," but when even flowers are put behind bars aren't we getting a bit too Puritan?

By the way, this flower-shop marks definitely the utter change in Montparnasse, of which writers are always writing without convincing anybody. But can even the most fanatic lover of Mimi and Rodolphe believe that there is anything of them left in a Quarter where flower-shops can exist of such a nature that you have only to say the word and they will have floral tributes instantly delivered all over the world; shops which stay open till midnight, which spend money advertising that all their flowers are "of special quality," which are built and decorated by expensive "moddams" in expensive materials? I believe the ghost of poor Murger must every night commit shadowy suicide behind those curious bars as a protest.

MIDDLE-CLASS RELICS OF THE ROMANTIC.—Much more lasting, as romance, than the legend of the Quatier, is the Victor Hugo legend. He was the leader of the Romantics, and he cannot be complaining to his pals on the real Mount Parnassus that he is being neglected. The centenary of his own pet movement is being celebrated in eleven different positions. Notre Dame is being illuminated in his honour, which seems Gilbertian. And the house where he passed his childhood, now a Hugo Museum, has a special show of pictures of him and pictures by him, poems about him and poems by him, letters to him and letters from him. There is also a reconstitution of the rooms in which he lived as a man. Pretty average frightful, some of his possessions.

GRIEF AND GHOSTLINESS.—Since the War we all wear mourning much less than we used; this is the case even in France, where mourning is as much prized as was her crêpe bonnet by an old-fashioned English charwoman. (I believe they wear felt clochés with diamond birds nowadays.) But there is a French village where the villagers are quite terrified by it. The lord of the manor and his wife had an only son, and he died. Since then they will have nothing to do with anything which is not completely black and white. The white-haired mother dresses in white and rides a white horse: the father, whose hair is still black, wears black from chin to toe, and rides a black horse. They go for evening rides in the forest, and when they appear from under the black trees on a moonlight night the villager who sees them takes to his heels and runs, crossing himself as he goes. It seems a harmless enough form for heart-ache to take, but the local population is quite medieval in its ways of thinking, and has actually appealed to the mayor to stop this lugubrious practice. The mayor has been looking for any law which can touch the case, and has now asked Paris to help him. But there's no sich a law. So the peasant will probably take to stone-throwing. And, oddly enough, he would probably have done that if the bereaved parents had dared to wear colours sooner than the peasant thought they should.

TOBY JUGS

The Cult of the Grotesque

By G. B. HUGHES

A Staffordshire Toby Jug by Ralph Wood

A late eighteenth-century creation in earthenware

Tradition has it that this grotesque piece of Staffordshire ware—the Toby jug was named after a notorious eighteenth-century drinker, Henry Elwes, nick-named Toby Fillpot on account of his drinking 2,000 gallons of beer out of a plain silver tankard. As he drank bitters and milds to such an extent, at the end of his life he became excessively stout. The first Toby jug was supposed to be a representation of Elwes drinking his 2,000th gallon of beer. A mezzotint of the period shows Toby drinking to his heart's content with a cheery smile on his countenance.

The early Toby jugs of "Fillpots" were used for the purpose of filling glass drinking vessels with strong ale. Their usual height was about ten inches and they were made in the form of a convivial gentleman, usually short and corpulent, with a leering, disagreeable face, wearing a tri-cornered hat and gazing down upon the world with a self-satisfied air. He is dressed in full long coat with capacious pockets, a spacious waistcoat with a cravat, not unlike a barrister's bands, knee-breeches and stockings, and shoes fastened with a buckle.

The earliest known Toby jug, dated 1750, shows the familiar figure with a black tri-cornered hat, each corner of which forms a convenient spout.

There are eight outstanding features which make an immense difference in the value of a Toby jug—colouring, age, size, subject, weight, glaze, the number of pieces made from the mould, and, most important of all, the quality of the moulding.

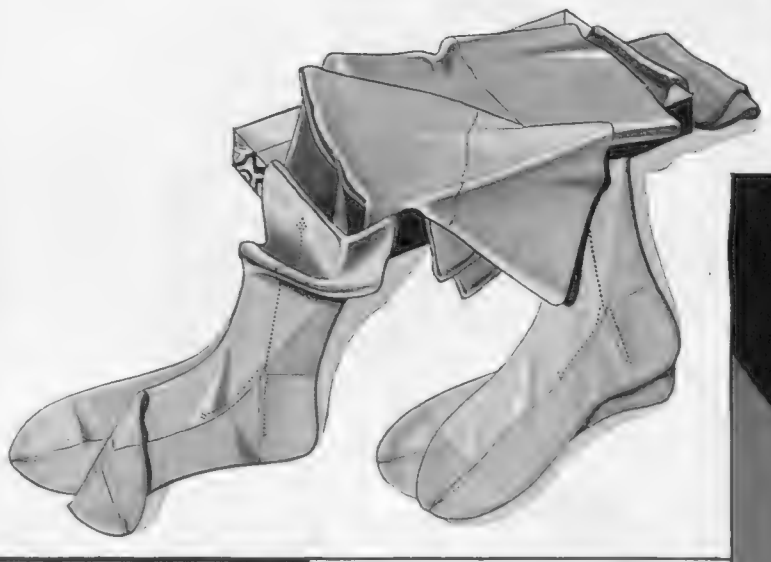
To secure an impression of age in their spurious wares fakers go to a great amount of trouble. The general method used with Toby jugs is to bake them until they crackle, and then rub with coffee grounds to stain the cracks with the impression of age. The places where years of use produce signs of wear are held for a few minutes against a wet grindstone and then rubbed in mud to give a dingy appearance.

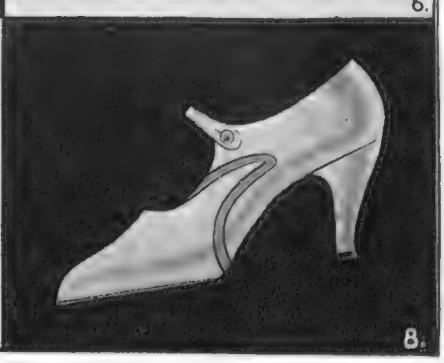
A contemporary mezzotint of Toby Fillpo who drank to Nan of the Vale

A Toby Jug of 1770 in coloured and glazed earthenware

The WORLD of WOMEN—(continued)

"MADAME, will you WALK?"





(1) An attractive Court shoe for evening wear is carried out in white shadow brocade, and comes from Lilley and Skinner.

(2) This black and white Court shoe in black antelope and leather plaiting has patent trimmings and a Spanish heel. By Thierry.

(3) For a light walking shoe this model, in blue glace and trimmed with white kid, should meet the case. Lilley and Skinner.

(4) A tapestry crepe bar shoe in palest green, with various soft colours woven in a flowered design. From Thierry.

(5) This is a plaited shoe for warm days which is made in various colours—here blue and white. From Lilley and Skinner.

(6) Something quite new for the early autumn is this blue tie shoe in fancy crepe patent, and trimmed with black lizard. Thierry.

(7) A comfortable country shoe of tan willow calf, having a protective tongue and leather heel. From Lilley and Skinner.

(8) Flowered crepe de chine is the medium used for this light shoe, suitable for afternoon or evening wear. From Thierry.

(9) Stockings with fashionable clox made by I. and R. Morley on fine-gauge machines have a reinforced heel and toe.

(10) An inexpensive stocking of pure silk made by the same manufacturers and obtainable at all the large stores.

(11) Made in over forty fashionable shades in pure silk, by I. and R. Morley, these forty-five-gauge stockings with fancy clox and reinforced toe and heel are both practical and attractive.

The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

MODERN DECORATION THAT IS DIFFERENT

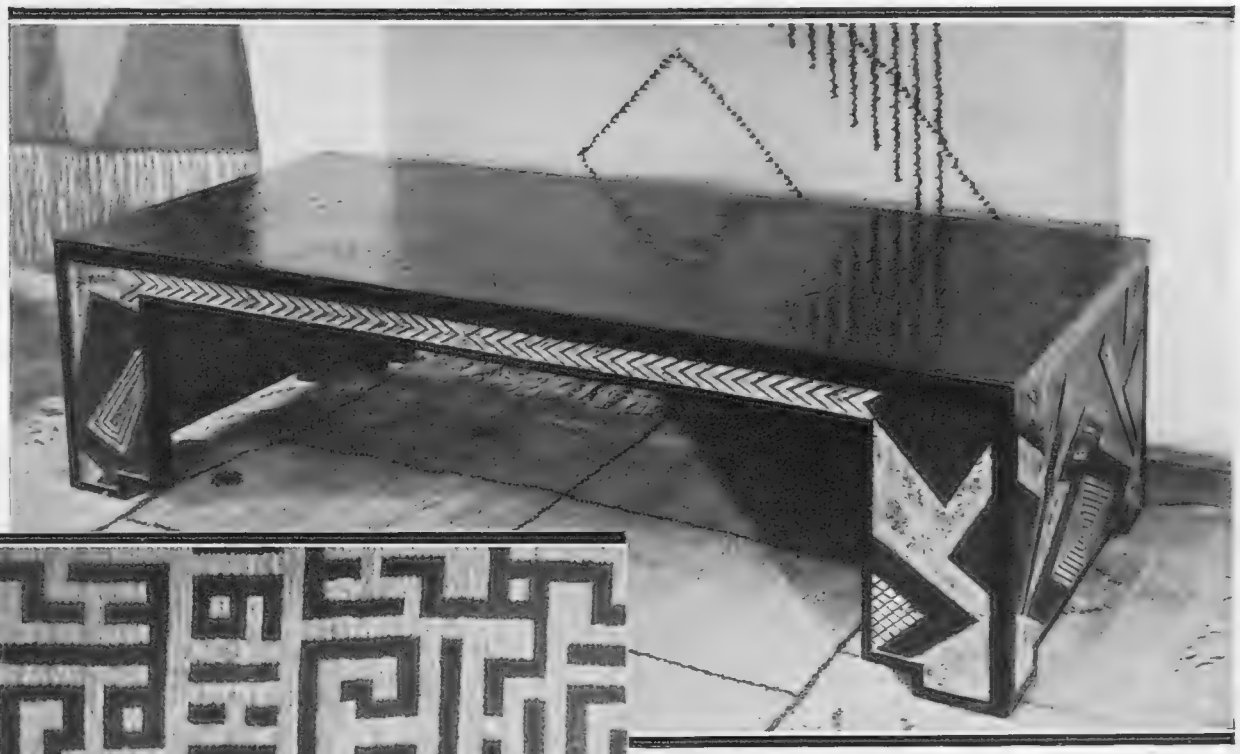
An Exhibition of Novelties Recently Opened in London

By
DEREK PATMORE

An exhibition of modern furniture and rugs designed by Evelyn Wyld and Eyre de Lanux has recently opened in London. This exhibition is of great interest to all those who are interested in the development of modern decoration, for Miss Wyld's rugs are amongst the most effective and beautiful rugs that are being made to-day, and Madame de Lanux's furniture is something new and different.

Their decorative schemes are simple. They rely on strong contrasts of colour, the use of unusual materials such as straw, parchment, and lacquer, and the bold and distinctive pattern of the rugs used. Madame de Lanux has tried to evolve some new designs, and has turned to Ancient Mexico and the American Indians for her inspiration. One of the most interesting pieces of furniture in the exhibition is a low divan couch which is like a native bed, and has wooden sides of black lacquer, decorated with a bold incised design in terra-cotta.

This designer has also experimented very successfully with different kinds of lacquer, and has made a long, low, modern table in dark brown lacquer and decorated the sides and legs with a sculptured archaic design in stone-grey. The lacquer surface on top of the table has also been broken up, giving it an attractive mottled appearance.

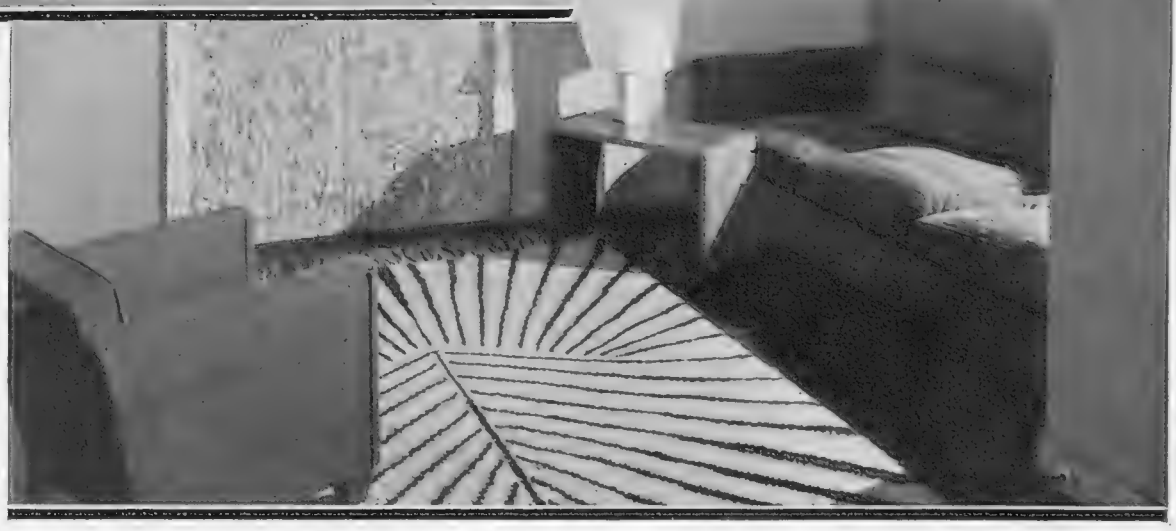


Two lacquers combine to form this table. The frieze is sculpted in grey, in contrast to the brown of the body

Miss Wyld, like her collaborator, has also returned to the early designs of the past for her hand-knotted rugs, and one of her most successful rugs is a modern version of the old Greek key pattern, carried out in black on a white ground. Miss Wyld maintains that there are certain traditional patterns and designs which can be treated in a modern manner, and of which people will never tire, for these designs have withstood the test of innumerable centuries. Certainly the rugs are a striking illustration of this fact, for they have a vigour and sense of colour and design quite unique among the many modern rugs and carpets being designed to-day. The carpets wear extraordinarily well as they are hand-knotted and have thick piles.

One of the loveliest of these rugs is one that has a modern formalized design of a butterfly in black and cream on a soft mauvish-grey ground. A modern version of the Indian arrow pattern has also been used in several of the rugs with great effect.

Black lacquer is used in the desk and chair, while a modernized Greek key design is shown on the rug which hangs on the wall



This hall lounge has in it something of the German style. Designed by Evelyn Wyld and Eyre de Lanux, the doors are of a specially treated wood which gives them a mottled effect while the rug is executed in beige and dark brown

A group including an old Sheraton serpentine commode of drawers enclosed by two doors of satinwood inlaid with floral marqueterie. Above is an old Adam mirror in carved and gilt wood frame. The chairs are of the same period, with satinwood frames and in original coverings. M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street

The TREATMENT of ANTIQUES

Caring for our Household Treasures

While there has of late years been an increasing output of books upon antiques of all kinds, little information has been given about their rightful treatment. The following suggestions, therefore, upon this fascinating subject may be welcome to those who would give wise care to the treasures that are theirs.

Those small holes found in many pieces of old furniture—more frequently in soft than in hard wood—are the work of beetles. It is doubtful whether any certain cure exists for destroying the action of this beetle. Indeed, in cases where the wood is badly affected it is better to remove the part—the leg of a chair or the side of an old chest—and replace it with a new piece. A wise precaution is to brush over the unpolished parts with liquid benzine or terebene, and if there are already any worm-holes, to inject the same liquid by means of a small syringe. This should be done in May and again at the end of July each year, as at this season the larvæ of the borer beetle is hatched and active.

The natural colour of old oak can be restored in the following manner. Make some strong hot soda-water and brush on to the furniture with a stiff brush. Scrub well—applying more soda water until the real grey-brown colour of the old oak appears. After this, dry and polish with beeswax. For a general polish for oak nothing is better than hot ale or beer.

Mahogany furniture needs to be kept very clean in order that the full beauty of the wood may be revealed. Before polishing it should be washed with vinegar and water or cold tea, then dried with soft lintless cloths. After this a very little furniture cream should be applied.

Old chairs upholstered in leather, or leather screens, can be made to look very well in the following manner. First wash with a cloth wrung out of warm water to which a little vinegar has been added. Beat up the whites of two eggs with a few drops of turpentine and rub this well into the leather with a piece of flannel, and then polish with soft clean dusters.

Old marble is sometimes difficult to get into good condition. If it is very discoloured a mixture of equal parts of soft soap, quick-lime, and caustic potash should be applied with a brush and left for several days. Afterwards it should be wiped off and polished with the following: ½ lb. soda, ¼ lb. powdered pumice-stone, and ¼ lb. chalk, sifted well and mixed to a paste with water. Rub this well over the marble and leave for a few hours. Then wash off with soap and water, and a fine polish will result.

If pewter is dull and in bad condition it should first be rubbed over with powdered rotten-stone made into a paste with equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine. After this it should be washed with soap and water and finally polished with whitening.

Antique brass does not require a brilliant polish but it must be kept clean. Each piece should be carefully washed in hot soapy water from time to time, using a brush to clean any chased portions. After this rinse well in clean warm water, dry thoroughly, and apply a very little paste made of rotten-stone and olive oil. Let this dry, then rub off. This will give a soft sheen instead of a "brassy" polish.

Old bronze ornaments should first be dusted carefully and then a mixture of one part of muriatic acid and two parts of water should be applied with a cloth. When this is dry the bronze should be polished by applying a very little sweet oil and rubbing this in gently.

Ivory gets discoloured with age and needs very careful handling to restore the colour. Quite the best method is to make a mixture of sal volatile and olive oil. Dip a washleather or piece of thick silk in this and gently rub the ivory. Leave it to dry in the air, then brush off with a soft brush and polish with a silk handkerchief.

When washing precious china it is best to fold a cloth in the bottom of the bowl, so that the china does not come into contact with a hard surface. Each piece should be washed separately in warm soapy water containing a few drops of ammonia, then rinsed and dried with a special fine-mesh linen cloth. Such cloths can be obtained for this purpose.

Mari Welch-Davies.

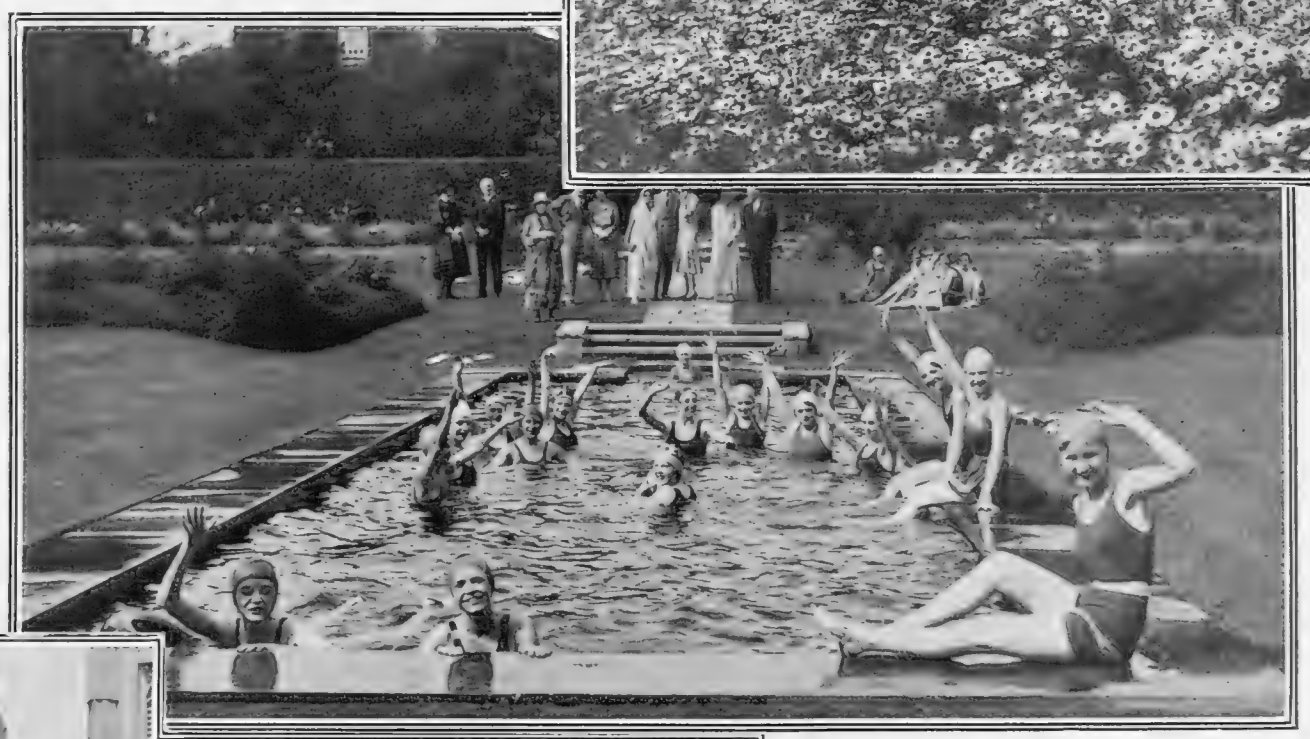
Sixteenth-century Italian room with wrought-iron grilles to doors and stone hooded fireplace. The centre table of the same period is of beautifully carved walnut. Hamptons and Sons, Ltd., Pall Mall East

IN DAISY-STARRED LONDON

Heat-wave Moments in a Metropolis which Possesses Rural Beauties Our Country Cousins Rarely Suspect

KEEPING COOL! A trio of messenger boys take turns in the basin of one of the Trafalgar Square fountains during the heat wave, which proved a boon to spectators and a curse to players of many games

On right: Major and Mrs. Paget of Roehampton invited a number of chorus girls in revue to a bathing party at their charming home



Top right: DAISY-STARRED LONDON: Marguerites make the corner of the King's garden a delight to the eye

REVUE GIRLS *EN FÊTE:* The scene in Major and Mrs. Paget's Roehampton home, to which Mr. Cochran's "young ladies" were invited

WHEN "DAISIES PIED" BESPANGLE THE LAWNS OF WESTMINSTER: The lawn in front of the Church of Marriages, St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the "stone history of England," Westminster Abbey, has this season produced a crop of simple daisies such as any country green might envy

VERY CONTINENTAL! Lunch time at Restaurant Antoine, Charlotte Street, where M. Antoine has taken Mr. Lansbury's advice to set tables *en plein air*

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

FRAGRANT WITH PINES: The lovely forest of Landes

The DEVELOPMENT of DAX

And a Word of Praise to Hossegor

I motored to Dax through the great forest of Landes, fragrant with the health-giving aroma of countless pines. That to me will remain one of the charms of the ancient thermal station—known to the first inhabitants of Gaul—which is now on the threshold of great development. For Dax is really a clearing on the outskirts of the forest, situated in the temperate clime of the Basses Pyrenees and but eighteen miles of the sea. Hence the calm, sedative, and beneficent atmosphere, and its fitness to be regarded as both a summer and winter resort.

But the fame of Dax revolves rather around its waters and its mud. Nature has endowed it with the fashionable central-heating on a mammoth scale. One of the first things you meet in the town is a communal fountain gushing natural hot water, whereat the merry wives collect their household supplies. Elsewhere, in many places, the springs are tapped. They provide radio-active drinks, hot baths, and douches for the invalid, and flow through orthodox radiators to heat the hotels. Passed through the mineral slime deposited by the River Adour, they provide the hot mud which has proved so efficacious in the treatment of rheumatism and kindred complaints.

There is, of course, no question about the medical value of the mud baths, for which reason Dax has long been a Mecca of the ailing. For some time, however, the various establishments remained under individual management, and little was done to provide adequate accommodation or develop the amenities of the town. This haphazard régime ended with the formation of a syndicate, which has brought all the thermal hotels under one management, appointed (in the person of General Salé) a technical superintendent of great distinction, and set out to make of Dax a place fit for heroes to get well in.

The old hotels have been embellished, and to meet the requirements of those who hanker after luxury, a magnificent establishment has recently been erected at what must have been a fantastic cost. Anything more palatial than this new edifice it would be difficult to imagine. It is amazingly spacious, replete with every known comfort, designed and decorated in a fashion essentially "modern," but never displeasing, and equipped with a perfect cuisine.

Fronting the river, the vista from the four thermal hotels over the winding Adour across the picturesque stone bridges is truly entrancing, and when dams have been thrown across the river (as is projected), and in place of the shallow waters there rises a tidal lake with boats and other aquatic diversions, the attraction of Dax will have increased tenfold.

It should be added that the medical treatment is by no means limited to mud baths. There are hyper-thermal, saline, and sulphurous waters (all natural), coupled with all the paraphernalia of the up-to-date spa. The installation is, indeed, surprisingly complete, even in the most modest establishments, and the old Dax practice, which decrees that the baths and mud applications should be administered without the patient having to leave his hotel has been maintained throughout.

Finally, the charges impressed me by their sweet reasonableness. Even at the *de luxe* hotel, *en pension* terms can be obtained at 125 francs (£1) daily, while the three other hotels are graded at minimum rates of 65 francs, 50 francs, and 35 francs daily. Decidedly Dax has a future. Now, therefore, is the best time to go.

From Dax is no far cry to Hossegor, and there is a touch of real magic in Hossegor, not in its unusual situation, but in the way in which it was discovered and developed.

A few years ago it was but a large lake in the midst of a forest, on the shores of which were a few fishermen's huts. Now there is a shimmering stretch of water lying like some lovely moonstone in a forest of scented pines which surround its banks like a setting of green enamel, while opening vistas show dainty white bungalows peeping through the foliage and winding roads leading into the heart of the forest itself. There are several first-class hotels, and the most modern of sporting clubs with tennis courts, a fine golf course, a "fronton" for pelota, and the most wonderful bathing.

Not only can one enjoy one's dip from the shores of the tidal lake, but at the end of the canal which joins the lake with the sea there are those great Atlantic breakers rolling in which provide such fascinating surf bathing. Long before the outside world knew of Hossegor, it was a favourite retreat for some of the most famous French litterateurs, and it was one of these, M. Maurice Martin, who visualized the great possibilities of the place, and it is due to his inspiration that its development has been so rapid and complete. The climate is equable, and there is much sunshine; the forest is green all the year round, and in February the whole place decks itself in a garland, all scented and feathery, of mimosa, which is unique in Europe.

AIX — A Feminine PARADISE

Aix-les-Bains, the delightfully fashionable French watering-place in the Savoy Mountains, has been said to offer pleasure for every taste. When Mr. Stanley Baldwin takes the "cure" every summer there are wonderful walks in the neighbourhood which provide the ex-Premier with just the kind of diversion he prefers beyond all others.

For the energetic there are tournaments of golf and tennis; for lovers of sport there are the races—both horse and dog; for those who cannot enjoy France without a flutter at the tables there are two casinos offering nightly facilities for loss and gain; and for those who regard Aix merely as a holiday resort—a place for long, lazy days in a warm, caressing climate, for sun-bathing and water-bathing, fishing, rowing, speeding—there is the Lac du Bourget, which spreads like a broad ribbon amid the encircling mountains, a ribbon of ever-changing colour, now green, now blue, as it reflects the mood of sky and cloud.

Aix is a luxury resort. Every invalid is accompanied by a retinue of healthy, pleasure-seeking relatives. For this retinue—a largely feminine assembly—diversions must be found, and in sultry summer weather the opalescent lake, fanned by breezes from the hills, is a favourite meeting place.

Picnics on Lake Bourget are like no other picnics in the world. They combine a rustic simplicity reminiscent of the scenes depicted on Fragonard fans with the *grande luxe* of the big hotels. Yet Madame presiding over the well-spread white table is not deprived of the pleasure of preparing her own little meal, even though this may be as *récherché* as any hotel chef can make it.

The whole thing comes out of a suit-case no bigger than a week-end grip—table, chairs, cooking utensils, food and all. Someone invented this marvellous contraption only a few months ago specially for Aix, and it made its brilliant début during the June heat wave.

The case is about three feet long and two feet wide—just a convenient size, in fact, to strap on the back of a motor-car. It weighs about two stone when fully packed. The table has a canvas top which stretches taut over a strong steel frame; the steel legs fold under. Four comfortable chairs built on the same principle complete the "furniture," though one may, if one pleases, include in a case a waterproof Japanese umbrella which, when fixed in the centre of the table, provides ample and welcome shade.

From Aix to the lake one passes through an avenue of chestnuts forming a close green archway. At the quayside white-sailed yachts lie in waiting.

It is customary to embark in one of these and skim across the blue water to the Abbey d'Hautecombe or to the Grottoes of Lamartine, or some other pretty, secluded spot where the picnic may be spread in privacy. Sometimes, too, the spritely American Duchesse de Choiselle arranges picnics in the neighbourhood of her lovely Château de Bourget. The more adventurous may even voyage as far as the Rhone—for the first time in history the journey from river to lake was successfully made this year.

But the most exciting pastime of all is to combine the picnic with a grand lake tour—from Aix to Bourget by car; then a quick sail by yacht to the chosen picnic spot; then, by way of *digestif*, a transfer to aeroplane and a circle in the air via Annecy, Geneva, and the Swiss lakes, back to Aix-les-Bains in time for tea!

E. C.

YOUR FARE TO ANYWHERE

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

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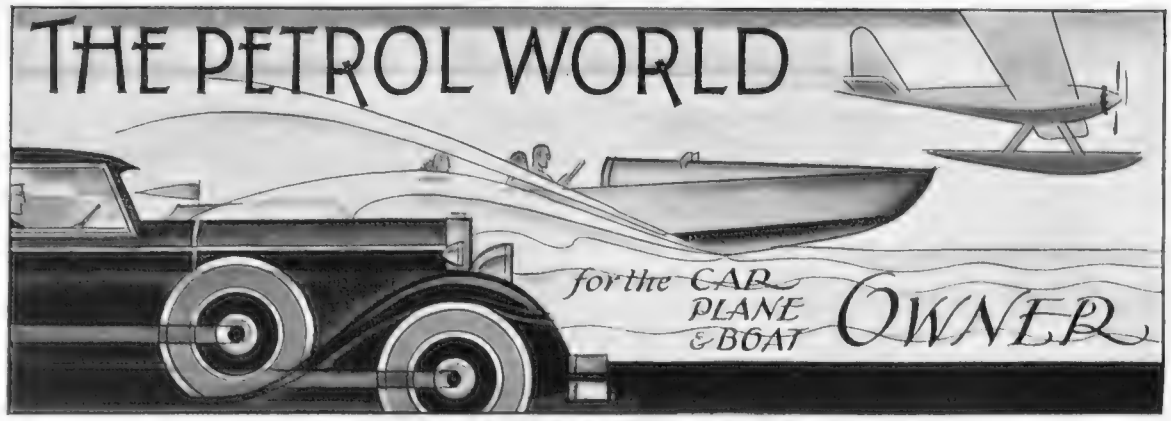


Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

THE INGENUITY OF DAIMLERS.—The Daimler Company, Ltd., can usually be expected to produce something novel and at the same time useful. Casting one's memory back, it is not difficult to remember their early efforts in introducing the sleeve-valve engine, and as we take note of its development we are able to measure the gigantic success which followed the adoption of this innovation. More recently we have had experience of the Double-Six engine, and once more success has been attained.

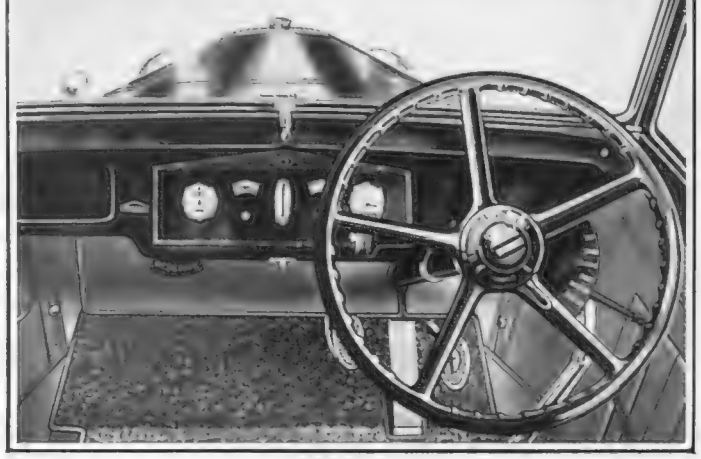
Early this year the company brought out for public use a most ingenious clutch based on the well-known principles of hydraulics. For the sake of simplicity it was termed a "fluid fly-wheel," and although it has not been in use for more than a few months it already has established itself in popular favour. Most people would have thought that with the introduction of this novelty, and in view of the advantage which it gives the driver in controlling his car, the Daimler Company would have been satisfied for the time being, but within the last week or two they have brought out a new model, known as the 20–30-h.p. model, which not only has a fluid fly-wheel incorporated in its design but also a self-changing gear-box. The combination of these two new ideas in a chassis produces a motor-car the full capabilities of which can scarcely be properly appreciated even by the makers.

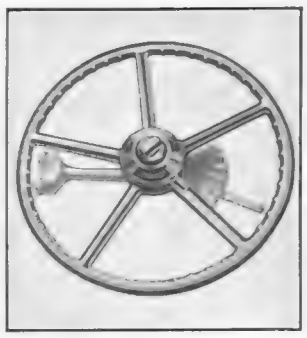
First of all let me explain to my readers what can be done with a car fitted with a fluid fly-wheel. This fitment is nothing more nor less than a clutch which can be slipped indefinitely without any ill-effects. In fact it has been designed and constructed so that the driver may slip it as often and for as long as he likes. Such treatment would of course very soon disintegrate an ordinary clutch, and therefore motorists in general have always been warned not to cause damage in this way. With this Daimler, after occupying the driver's seat and making certain that the hand-brake is holding the car, any gear can be engaged without touching the clutch-pedal, and no noise whatever results. Again, without touching the clutch-pedal the accelerator-pedal can be slightly depressed and the brake-lever gradually let off. The result is that the car gradually creeps forward as sweetly as could be conceived. As I said, it does not matter which gear has been engaged, as the clutch will slip until the road-wheels and the crankshaft are revolving at their proportionate speeds. When stopping or slowing down, the pedal- or hand-brake is applied in the ordinary way, and there is no necessity whatever to touch the clutch.

THE GEAR-LEVER DOOMED.—This device removes in one fell swoop the greatest bugbear of motoring, namely the difficulty of gear-changing. The biggest duffer in the world could drive one of these Daimlers, and anyone who was unaware of his lack of skill would not be able to discern whether he had any ability or not if his judgment was to be gained by the sweet and satisfactory gear-changing.

As I pointed out, the Daimler Company have gone even one better, and to this fluid fly-wheel they have attached a self-changing gear-box. Its introduction on another car a year or so ago caused, quite justifiably, a sensation. On a car with one of these gear-boxes but fitted with an ordinary orthodox clutch, the driver can choose what gear he will engage next by working a small lever attached to the steering column. For the sake of illustration I will assume that he is travelling along on top gear and he knows that somewhere on the hill ahead he must change into second. As he races towards the foot of the hill he moves the indicating-lever to second gear, but the car carries on just the same still on top gear. When the speed has dropped sufficiently he gives his clutch-pedal a sudden depression and, without any other movement, second gear has been automatically engaged. No matter if the gears are unskilfully selected, no noise will result, though naturally, if the car is travelling at a high speed on top gear and then the gear-selector lever is pushed into one of the low gears and the clutch is depressed, there will be a sudden alteration of speed rather like the application of a powerful brake. By combining the fluid fly-wheel with one of these gear-boxes the Daimler Company have completely overcome this small disadvantage and with the two improvements together they have produced a car which I have no doubt will be copied before very long by most manufacturers.

THE PRIDE OF THE EXPERT—THE FRIEND OF THE NOVICE.—The thoroughly inexpert driver with one of these new 20–30-h.p. Daimlers can drive his car along all over the country without jarring his passengers or attracting their attention by making any noise whatever in gear-changing, in fact his lack of knowledge is no practical disadvantage. The expert who has a pride in changing his gears silently, and at such times and in such a manner that his friends beside him cannot say in what gear he is travelling, will be still able to use his skill by extracting a much finer performance from his car than he previously could. I have no doubt that if a Daimler was timed over any particular course many seconds could be clipped off it by the same driver if he was handling the same car with a fluid fly-wheel and a self-changing gear-box. I have not yet driven one of these cars, but some time ago I drove a chassis with a self-changing gear-box, but even after fifty miles I was not able fully to appreciate all the wonderful advantages that this new design gave me.

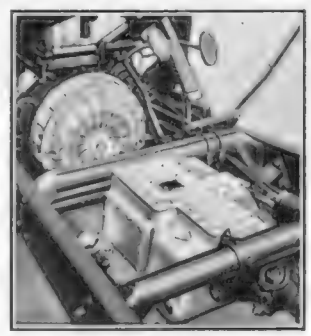




The New 20/30 Daimler: A view from the driver's seat, showing the artistically arranged instrument board. The small lever on the steering-column is the gear pre-selector

On left, **A Steering-column gear-lever:** A close-up of the gear-changing device and the bracket carrying the horn and dipping-switch

On right, **"The Works":** The fluid fly-wheel and self-changing gear-box. The latter makes gear-changing a sheer joy to the driver



Representing England in Germany: A 16-h.p. Sunbeam Weymann saloon, owned by Herr Karl Nister of Nuremburg. In the background is the Castle of Virusberg, between Nuremburg and Rothenburg, Bavaria

More recently I have driven a Daimler with a fluid fly-wheel, and here again I think it would take me a considerable time to appreciate the many advantages in my grasp. I therefore think that when these two interesting developments are placed on the same chassis it will take a considerable time for anyone to do all the tricks that are possible. Of course a new driver will find the difficulties of learning to drive confined only to those connected with steering and reverse his greatest enemy, gear-changing, he will find has been banished.

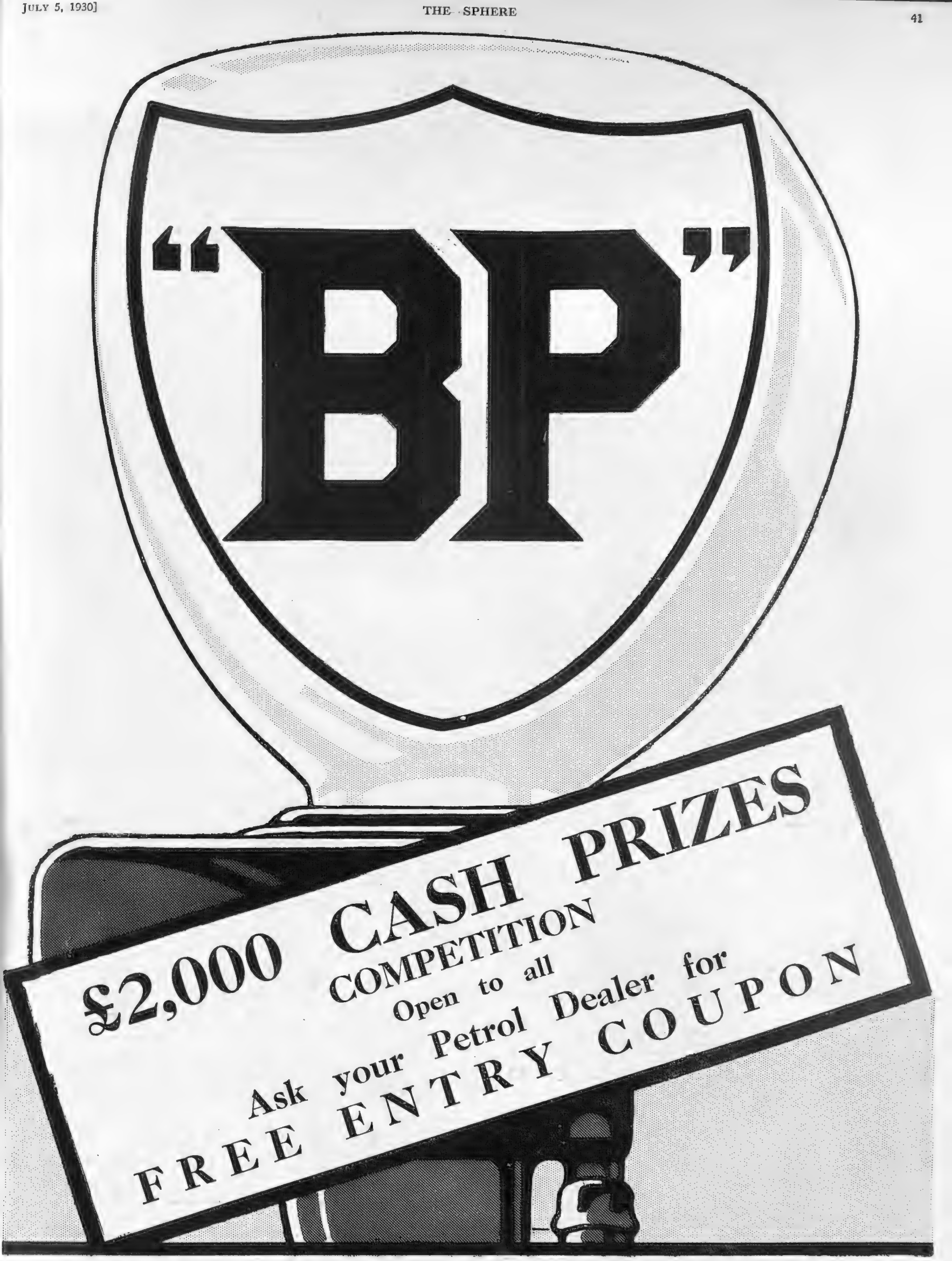
When one considers the real crudeness of the original designs of clutch and gear-box, it is amazing that they have been tolerated for such a long time. Now that the Daimler Company have aimed a blow at them I feel certain that their inclusion in general automobile design will only be a question of a year or two more.

IN MEMORIAM.—Some friends of the late Sir Henry Segrave have got together and issued a statement to the public that they are forming a Segrave Memorial of rather an unique character. It was to be feared that a statue would be suggested, but Segrave's friends knowing that he himself would not have looked upon any such suggestion in an approving manner, have devised a plan whereby financial recognition will be given to the individual who each year advances by the greatest amount the cause which Sir Henry had at heart. This yearly award will be decided upon by a committee composed of the President of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, the Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, the Chairman of the Royal Aero Club, the President of the Marine Motoring Association, and the Chairman of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. I am sure that the public will feel quite satisfied that such a representative committee will give decisions which will meet with the approval of the public. Readers are asked to send their subscriptions towards this memorial to the Earl of Brecknock, Westbourne House, Westbourne Street, London, W.2.

ANOTHER BRITISH TRIUMPH.—The great Le Mans Twenty-four Hour Endurance Race has been held, and won again by a British Bentley. This is very satisfying from the point of view of the British motor trade, particularly as the same famous firm have been successful more than once before. This year's race could not boast, however, of as great an International flavour as might be desired. Each year goes by the number of French entries appears to be less, until we have the rather unusual spectacle of over twenty competitors starting in a French road race, the overwhelming majority of them being foreigners. Although in this country motor-racing is becoming more and more popular, in France it has for the past few years been on the decline. So far as the Le Mans race is concerned, the British cars had not entered I do not think the race would have been run. I do not want my remarks to be taken as indicating any disparagement of the Bentley win. The competition was keener than ever before, and the German Mercédès car was out to hold the premier position it won the Ulster T.T. race last year. The Bentley camp were equally determined that it should not, and as the latter had their way we must congratulate them on a magnificent performance. It was a performance which I do not think any other nation could possibly have put up, because it was the direct result of team work, and team work is essentially a British institution.

In sounding the praises of the Bentley we must not forget that the 3rd and 4th were British Talbots. All honour is due to them because they have not raced until this year for quite a long time, and although an unfortunate accident put them out of the Double-Twelve Hour Race, those in the know acknowledged that had everything gone all right they would have been very near the highest position in that event. Twenty-four hours' racing through the hours of darkness and of daylight over a tricky and none too smooth a course, at the terrific speeds registered, is no easy go-as-you-please tour. Very few cars can ever expect to come through such an ordeal, and therefore the performance of the Talbots must be considered as truly remarkable.

(*Continued on p. 42*)



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It is impossible to find words to describe aptly the truly British action of Captain Birkin and Mr. "Sammy" Davis. The first-mentioned purposely threw away his chance of winning the race so that another car of the same make might carry off premier honours. Mr. Davis, in spite of having his eye injured through a stone being hurled up at his goggles, drove without taking his foot off the accelerator-pedal, keeping the damaged eye closed. He did not give in until the time arrived to bring his car to the pits for replenishment.

JUSTIFYING ITS NAME.—The R.A.C. have just issued their report of an official trial of an Invicta chassis. The particulars given of this trial are really most remarkable. In all the car was driven 4,678 miles, and the following distances were covered on the respective gears. Top gear, 585 miles; third gear, 1,784 miles; second gear, 1,432 miles; first gear, 813 miles. On third gear the car was driven from London to Monte Carlo and back; on second gear from London to John o' Groats and back; and on first gear from London to Edinburgh and back. I doubt if ever any other car has been put to a greater test, and the fact that it came through with flying colours is certain proof that the Invicta chassis is sturdily designed and solidly built.

IN READINESS FOR THE IRISH GRAND PRIX.—The organization of the staffs to deal with marshalling, time-keeping, medical and other services in connection with the Irish International Grand Prix Motor Races is now proceeding, and the elaborate nature of the precautions that are being taken to ensure the smooth working of the arrangements is indicated by the fact that over one thousand officials will be on duty. The races are to be held in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, on July 18 and 19, while on the three previous mornings, between 6 a.m. and 9 a.m., practising will be carried out under actual racing conditions.

The marshals, whose duty it will be to keep the course clear and to control the crowd, will number 500. They be divided over twenty-four zones, each under the direction of a zone marshal. These officials will have the assistance of a large body of Civic Guards. The time-keeping will be done by four International time-keepers, appointed as such by the world governing body of motor sport, assisted by a comprehensive staff of experienced Dublin time-keepers. It is also proposed to have the same first-aid and medical services as were utilized last year. The St. John Ambulance Brigade are to supply doctors, nurses, and orderlies, and while it is hoped that all these will have an easy time on the days of racing, it is satisfactory to know that they will be available if required. As well as the branches of the organization mentioned, flag-marshalling, motor-cycle patrols, broadcasting, stand attendance, and refreshment services are being carefully studied with a view to the safety of the competitors and the convenience of the public. There will also be nine fire protection stations on the course. These will be staffed by firemen from the Dublin, Pembroke, and Rathmines Fire Brigades, and supplied with chemical extinguishers capable of producing 3,000 gallons of extinguishing liquid.

HUSH-HUSH!—A unique engine, embodying many novel features, has for some months, in great secrecy, been undergoing flying tests at the Royal Air Force experimental station at Martlesham, Suffolk. This engine, details of which have just been released by the Air Ministry, has been built by D. Napier and Son, Ltd., of Acton, London, and was publicly demonstrated for the first time at the Royal Air Force display at Hendon on June 28. The new Napier engine is air-cooled; it has sixteen small cylinders arranged in four banks of four cylinders each, in the formation of a capital H. It is supercharged and develops approximately 300 h.p. for a weight of 620 lb.

In Riot-stricken India: A Humber Snipe saloon in the Chandni Chowk, Delhi: the locality which has been so prominent in the recent disturbances. No car could be calculated more to sustain British prestige

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from page 40*)

"Boating" to the Office: The Ford Motor Company's new motor-boat, the *Josephine*, which has been put into commission for the purpose of carrying Ford officials from the Company's offices in Regent Street to the new works at Dagenham

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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LIGHT OR DARK – THE DRINK FOR A LORDLY THIRST

"I Cross the Equator in the 'Graf Zeppelin'"

by LADY DRUMMOND-HAY (Continued from p. 15)

the vast system of world transport. Coming from one of the most influential heads of the heavier-than-air world, it is indeed a compliment.

Rider of the Storm Between midnight and four in the morning of May 26 the Zeppelin was subjected to the severest "tropical baptism" it had suffered so far. Running into terrific tropical rain, more like a waterfall than anything else, eight tons of water were quickly added to the weight of the ship. This extra burden necessitated a change of elevation of the bow by six degrees to carry the extra load, which the *Graf Zeppelin* did apparently without difficulty. What was most remarkable was that only a few passengers knew anything about the storm. The majority slept through it.

CROSSING THE LINE: Captain von Schiller as Æolus

We landed for the second time at Pernambuco 8.41 a.m., remaining there until the early morning of May 28, while the *Graf Zeppelin* was being refuelled at the stub mast.

Passengers were ordered aboard for seven on the morning of the 28th, and arrived to find the landing field a swamp, flooded by heavy rains during the night.

Dr. Eckener was sighing more than ever for a protective hangar. At 11.06 a.m., May 28, the airship ballooned up from the marsh-like ground, the motors roared into action, and we were off almost before we realized it.

We dined about 400 miles off the Amazon, which region the Zeppelin skirted at respectful distance, owing to the storm prevailing there. Crossed the Equator for the second time at 10 p.m.

Final Adventures May 29 we raced a thunderstorm for four hours. After we had circled over San Juan, Puerto Rico, from whence the hot sugary perfume "guarapo" wafted right into the Zeppelin, we turned out in the Atlantic again, and did not see land until the next morning, May 31. Disappointment was expressed by the passengers because Dr. Eckener decided that in view of unfavourable weather reports and insufficient reserve of fuel to meet any possible emergencies, he must abandon the visit to Havana. Captain Harry Shoemaker heartily endorsed Dr. Eckener's decision, saying he was quite right not to risk the safety of his twenty passengers and forty crew. And Dr. Eckener's action was well justified in the night, when the *Graf Zeppelin* encountered one of the severest storms that it has ever been called upon to meet. Caught in the vortex of a frigidly cold north wind meeting a warm south wind during a heavy gale off Cape Hatteras, the airship was given a tremendous wrench and twist. It shot upwards 600 ft., then swiftly descended. The Zeppelin withstood this great strain in a way that amazed the crew as well as the passengers.

Dr. Eckener admitted the severity of the test to which the Zeppelin had been subjected, and said "I have never had quite such an experience before, and I am more than happy at the way in which the airship behaved. It was a case of a hot front from the south meeting a very cold front from the north."

The temperature fell from 78 deg. Fahr. to 48 deg. The Zeppelin had one of the biggest twelve-hour runs in its history before meeting the storm. From six in the morning at San Juan to six in the evening, it flew nearly 1,000 nautical miles. From 8.30 at night the Zeppelin had to fight every mile of its way to Lakehurst with a 70-kilo. head-wind against it. The American coast was finally touched at 1.46 a.m. at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay. We landed at Lakehurst at 7.25 after a record flight of 1,300 miles in 211 flying hours and 58 minutes.

This is probably the last visit of the *Graf Zeppelin* to the United States. New Yorkers seemed really touched at the idea that they may never again see the famous *Graf* over the Statue of Liberty. The Naval Air Station at Lakehurst is not ordinarily permitted to receive commercial craft.

Dr. Eckener told me that he does not intend to return with an airship to the United States until there is a commercial air-dock to receive him. By that time the new, bigger, stronger, and faster Zeppelin now being built in Friedrichshafen will be completed for transatlantic transport.

It was with no little sincere feeling on both sides that the deeply-respected and much-admired *Graf Zeppelin* rose from the outstretched hands of the American Navy landing-crew last night to circle New York for half-an-hour in grateful, friendliest farewell before disappearing out over the Atlantic in the moonlit night.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE GRAF ZEPPELIN: Herr Karl Beuerle, recently appointed

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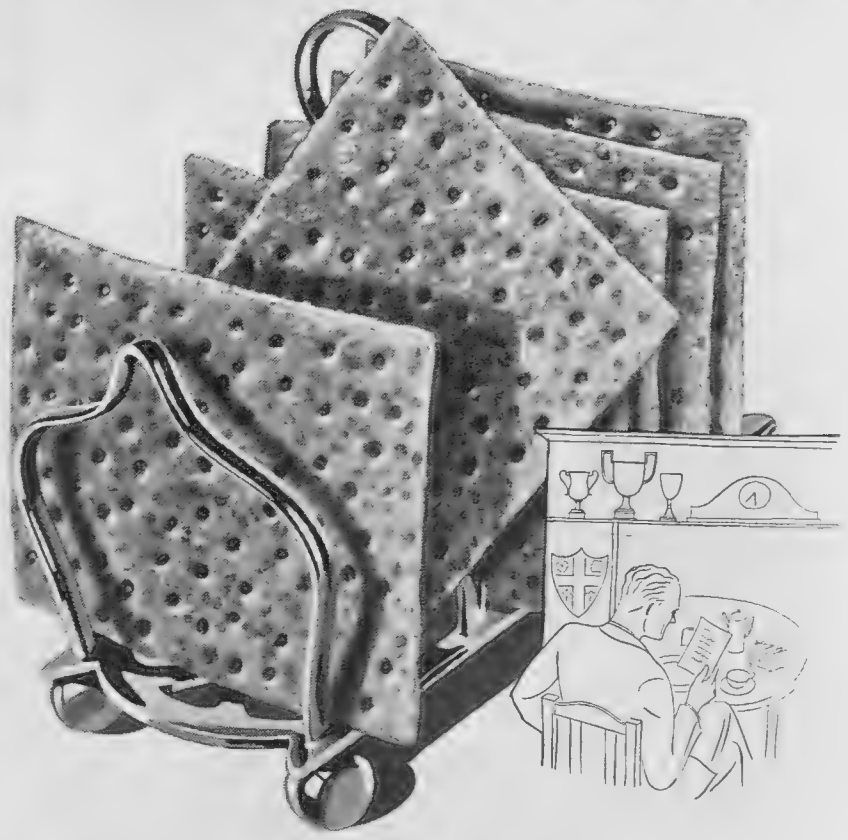

My dear Ronnie,

I hear from Peter you're in the running for your Blue. I'm so glad! We haven't had a Blue in the family since your Great-uncle James played chess for Oxford. And to think that only a year ago one set at tennis used to tire you out! But I always did say it was largely a matter of your food, and Dr. Carter agreed. It was he who put you on to that scrunchy Vita-Weat instead of ordinary bread. Well, I know what Vita-Weat has done for me and my indigestion, and I'm delighted to know it has worked such wonders with you.

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sail, coasters, schooners with auxiliary engines, the red-sailed barges of the Thames and Medway, and the sailing fishing vessels. But the prosaic tramp steamer has taken the place, at any rate for the time being, as general carrier of the old type sailing cargo ship, with her masts and spars and canvas and rigging.

Yet sail may come into its own again for long voyages. Both coal and oil, the present motive powers, are being sold at an artificially low level owing to world over-production. There is a movement, the inevitability of which will not be denied, to rationalize the supply af coal and oil internationally. The few great oil combines are already well on the way towards devising a scheme for the limitation of output and the raising of prices. Mergers, cartels, and trusts amongst the coal-producing companies have been formed, or are in process of formation, in all the coal-producing countries alike, to limit the output of coal by international action and to raise the price.

This may make it possible for ocean-going sailing-ships to be run at a profit again in competition with coal or oil-driven steamers. We thought the motor-car would displace the horse entirely, and that the latter would survive only for purposes of sport and pleasure. But the draft horse has managed to survive as a commercial success, and is actually increasing in numbers. We may see the same result with sailing-ships. But then the difficulty, so far as our own nation is concerned, will be to provide trained officers and crews. For without disparagement of our magnificent modern officers and seamen of the Mercantile Marine, many of whom served their apprenticeship in sail, it is a fact that no seamanship is of such a high order as that required to navigate a vessel dependent primarily on its sail-power half round the world. Deep-water "sailing" means the pitting of man's skill and knowledge against Nature at her grandest, but also in her most terrible moods. The hardy race of sailing-ship "shell backs" is fast dying out.

And for the making of sailors for the Royal Navy and the steam-driven Mercantile Marine alike it is common ground, and not disputed by anyone with knowledge of the facts, that there is no training equal to that of service in a sailing-ship. It is surely strange that our nation, which is still overwhelmingly the most important among the ocean traders of the world, is the only leading maritime Power that does not maintain a single "wind-jammer" for training purposes. We train our future officers of the Mercantile Marine in the *Conway* and *Worcester;* or they are apprenticed aboard steam-driven "tramps," but, although formerly fine frigates of the Royal Navy, the two famous training-ships are now stationary hulks and will never again move from their permanent moorings until they go to the ship-breakers. But there are fourteen square-rigged ocean-going sailing-ships under the flags of Belgium, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Japan, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, and the United States. All these sailing-ships, some of whom took part in the great race this year with the Australian grain, receive a direct or indirect subsidy from their respective Governments. It seems extraordinary that we, the nation most dependent on seamanship both for our commerce and our national defence, are alone amongst the leading maritime nations of the world in totally neglecting sea training under sail for the future officers of our Mercantile Marine.

Sail — a beauty and a vital necessity

by Lieut.-Com. the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

Continued from p. 25

For what is it that is so excellent for the teaching of seamanship in sailing-ship training? To handle a large sailing-ship requires seaman-like skill of the highest order. In work aloft the seaman must rely on his own skill, strength, and, above all, intelligence. He must think for himself, act for himself, and there is no training like it for developing initiative. Send a youth for a three-months' ocean voyage under sail, and he will step ashore a man of resource and ability, providing he has the right stuff in him.

I had some of my own early naval training under sail. It is an acknowledged fact that a raw lad in three months of such intensive experience can be turned into a first-rate seaman, and know more about the sea and the way to use his brains at sea than in three years of life on board a steamship. There were hardships in the old days of sail, but the rigours of the life to-day are much exaggerated. A large, well found sailing-ship is in many ways safer at sea than the average tramp steamer; she is more comfortable in bad weather, and though the work is undoubtedly hard, the life is certainly healthy. Modern methods of preserving food have led to a great improvement in the dietary; and in the most modern sailing training-ships, which, it must be noted, almost pay their way by carrying cargo as well, the quarters for the crew and cadets are amidships. Living quarters in the old damp forecastles are no longer necessary, and that space is used for storage purposes. I knew the *Garthpool* and other British square-rigged sailing-ships when they were in commission; and quite recently I went over one of the big German ships carrying cadets. It would be hard to find a happier, healthier crew of young fellows anywhere in the world.

A tramp steamer, making a voyage half round the world, will call at a dozen ports, and there are plenty of opportunities for headstrong young fellows to get into mischief on shore. But on the round voyage to Australia it is unusual to call at a port from the time the land has faded away out of sight astern until the first "land fall" is made at the end of the voyage of ninety or a hundred days.

But besides the actual skill in seamanship required, sailing-ship training has another virtue. It carries on the old tradition of the sea, and may be regarded as the classical education in navigation. I can best describe this view of sail training, which every seaman appreciates, by quoting the words of a man who understood the spirit of the sea probably better than any other writer, the late Joseph Conrad:

> "A year, or a year and a half, of training in a sea-going sailing-ship I would regard for a boy destined for the sea as a course in classical practice of the sea. What he will actually learn on board that ship he will leave behind him directly he steps on a deck of a modern steamship, but he will have acquired the old lore of the sea which has fashioned so many generations down to his very father's, and which in its essence will remain with the future generations of seamen, even after the day when the last sail and the last oar have vanished from the waters of our globe."

Surely it would be worth our while to make an effort as a nation to provide even a couple of sea-going sailing-ships for purposes of training alone. They would carry cargo and be run on commercial lines. The amount of subsidy to make them pay would amount to only a few thousand pounds a year. For fees would be earned by carrying the cadets, about fifty in number in each ship, who, with the assistance of three or four officers and a boatswain, carpenter, sail-maker, cooks, and three or four able seamen would make up the complement.

Some of us who feel that for the small amount of money required invaluable returns would be forthcoming in the future, headed by the Earl of Derby and a number of distinguished seamen of the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine, are trying to elicit a response from the public on the one hand and from the Admiralty and the Board of Trade on the other, with a view to the provision of one or two fine specially-built steel sailing-ships for this purpose.

It is to be hoped that before very long the Red Ensign will once more be flying at the peak of a well-found, square-rigged, ocean-going sailing-ship, carrying on the great tradition and training a nucleus of the future officers of the greatest Mercantile Marine in the world in the finest school of seamanship that has ever existed.

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COLUMBIA ACTIVITIES

The Columbia Company announce that Miss Amy Johnson has exclusively recorded for them the story of her flight from England to Australia. She visited the Columbia studio in Homebush, Sydney, for this purpose a few days ago, and the record will be circulated throughout Australia before she leaves the country. Meantime master records have been shipped to London, and it is hoped to announce the record here by the time Miss Johnson reaches England early in August. (The recording was done by special permission of the London *Daily Mail*.) It was hardly likely that the flight of Amy Johnson would escape the attention of our song-writers, and Horatio Nicholls has given us a song fox-trot appropriately called "Amy." This has just been issued by Columbia, and Debroy Somers Band has made a brilliant record of it. The introduction of famous melodies denoting various countries over which the 'plane passed, and the sound of the propeller of the machine itself, are most effectively done. Other notable records are, "Old and New" (A Potpourri of Melodies) (arr. Herman Finck) Herman Finck and His Orchestra; parts three and four; one record. "Marche Slav" (Tschaikowsky), the Regimental Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards, conducted by Captain George Miller; parts one and two; one record. "Orphee, Ballet" (Gluck), Orchestre Symphonique of Paris, conducted by Elie Cohen, Flute Solo by M. Moyse; parts one and two; one record. "The Maid of the Mountains," selection (Fraser-Simpson and Tate and Morgan), London Theatre Orchestra; parts one and two; one record. "Operatica," Famous Operatic Melodies (arr. J. H. Squire), J. H. Squire, Celeste Octet; parts one and two; one record. "With a song in My Heart" (Symphonic Rhapsody), R. Rodgers; transcribed by Eric Coates, Court Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eric Coates; parts one and two; one record. "Der Selt'ne Beter," "Der Alte Dessauer" ("The Man Who Seldom Prayed," "The Old Dessauer") (Litzau and Lowe), in German, Ivar Andresen, bass; at the piano, Dr. Franz Hallasch, Munich; parts one and two; one record. "Toccata in F" (from "Symphony No. 5") (Widor) and "The Valkyries," "The Ride of the Valkyries" (Wagner), organ solo by Quentin M. Maclean (Christie Unit Organ); "Carnival Suite" (R. Schumann—Op. 9), pianoforte solo, by Leopold Godowsky; in six parts; three records. "Hungarian Folk Tunes" (Béla Bartok, arr. Szigeti), violin solo, by Joseph Szigeti, with the composer at the piano; parts one and two; one record. "Dance of the Flowers," Valse (Le Pas des Fleurs—"Le Corsaire" ballet) (Delibes) Lucerne Kursaal Orchestra, and "The Season's Ballet"—9, "Autumn Finale les Bacchantes" (Glazounov—Op. 67), Alexandre Glazounov and Orchestra. "The Season's Ballet": 7, "Autumn Bacchanal," and 8, "Autumn Petit Adagio" (Glazounov—Op. 67), Alexandre Glazounov and Orchestra. "Regimental Marches" Part 5, Devon Regiment, Gloucester Regiment, Worcester Regiment, Royal Warwick Regiment, and Part 6, P.A. Somerset Light Infantry, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, Dorsetshire Regiment, Wiltshire Regiment, the National Military Band conducted by Stanford Robinson. "Mighty America" (Thurban) and "Carry On" (Kirby); banjo solo, by Ernest Jones; Leslie Bartlett at the piano). "Angels Guard Thee" (Reilly and Goddard) and "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" (Newton and Tate); Master John Bonner, boy soprano, with piano. "Making a Talkie" (Clapham and Dwyer); descriptive sketch by Clapham and Dwyer, with effects; two parts; one record. "Aylesbury Ducks" (Barker and Harding) and "The Driver of the 8.15" (Longstaffe). Malcolm McEachern, bass, with piano. "'Nowt About 'Owt" (Melvin) and "A Couple o' Dooks" (Weston, Lee, and Weston), Raymond Newell, baritone, with piano. *Cavalleria Rusticana*—Intermezzo (Mascagni) and *Tales of Hoffmann*—Barcarolle (Offenbach). Organ solo by Terance Casey (Wurlitzer organ).

OLD LONDON AND NEW METHODS

Viewed to-day, it is hard to picture Lincoln's Inn Fields at the time when rabbits burrowed there and when laws were necessary in order to prevent students from shooting the rabbits with arrows. At a later date the gardens became the haunt of thieves and famous as a duelling ground, but the sedate atmosphere of the twentieth century gives little clue to the stirring and romantic incidents that were staged in the past. To-day Lincoln's Inn Fields are notable for the beautiful stretches of turf, and critical lawn owners, who cannot fail to have admired the faultless condition of the lawns, will not be surprised to learn that perfection has been achieved by the use of that famous British motor-mower, the Atco. It is unnecessary to emphasize the fact that Atco reputation rests not merely upon its efficiency but also upon an all-round economy of cutting, time, labour, and costs, whilst the comprehensive range of mowers marketed enables the small as well as the large owners to enjoy the benefit of modern methods of turf cultivation. Messrs. Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., of Tilton Road, Birmingham, the Atco manufacturers, are also responsible for a wide range of accessories, whilst an extremely modern and widespread service organization enables the Acto owner in any part of the country to receive immediate attention.

BARGAINS IN LINEN.

Walpoles of 89, New Bond Street, are holding their summer sale of linen throughout the whole of the month of July, and exciting bargains — including household linen and lingerie, dressing-gowns, and summer frocks, to mention only a few—are to be discovered there. Full particulars will be found in Walpole's illustrated catalogue, which will be sent post free upon application. Following the present day vogue for coloured linen, there are delightful nursery and breakfast cloths, with napkins to match in a wide variety of colours, from 2s. 9d. each for the cloths and 6s. a dozen for the napkins. Drastic reductions have also been made in the larger white damask tablecloths. Coloured bedlinen, with blankets to match, is also very fashionable at the moment, and Walpoles have a wide range of these items at very moderate prices. Warm coloured blankets for single beds at 24s. 6d. can be bought, whilst heavy linen sheets of similar size are from 37s. 9d. a pair. To complete the colour scheme of the bedroom, face towels and bath towels, as well as bedspreads, should, of course, harmonize—and there are many bargains to be found in these.

THE SEASON AT POURVILLE.

Pourville has been very gay lately. Many interested visitors inspected the new Open-air Swimming Pool, which is nearing completion. The Grand Overture will be early in July. The colour scheme is black, white, and red tiles and forms a pleasing combination. The sea water will flow into the bath from a rustic fountain in old Normandy style. Diving-stages, spring-boards, and chutes are being prepared. A large and fashionable crowd visited the Grand Hotel last week-end, including the Grand Duke Cyril, the Prince and Princess Philippe de Bourbon (cousin of the King of Spain), Monsieur and Madame Mazzuchi of Heidsick fame, the Princess Pignatelli d'Aragon, the Marquise Montleon, Monsieur Gontran Cavaillon—the Paris banker, Baron Jean de Hatvany, Monsieur et Madame Huffer, Monsieur and Madame Marcel Cohen of Paris, Count Czaykowski, and many American visitors, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Henry French Hollis (Mr. Hollis is the legal adviser to the American Embassy in Paris), Monsieur Brazelle, Mrs. Paula Outerbridge, and many others. Mr. and Mrs. Farrar were also present. Mr. Farrar is the English golf professional from Athens, and is doing well in the French championship.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The General Committee of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, are glad to be able to announce that Field-Marshal Viscount Plumer, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., has very kindly consented to become a Vice-President, owing to the vacancy occasioned by the death of Archbishop Lord Davidson. Viscount Plumer is particularly interested in the work being carried on at the Newport Market Army Band School at Orpington.

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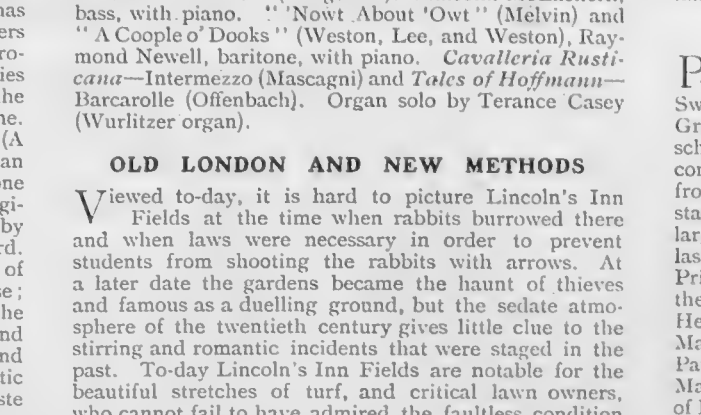
SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 9d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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Dockland at Dusk

The drawings on this page show the steel sailing-ships of to-day in close proximity to a large steamer, a great contrast, although both are quite capable of journeying to the ends of the earth

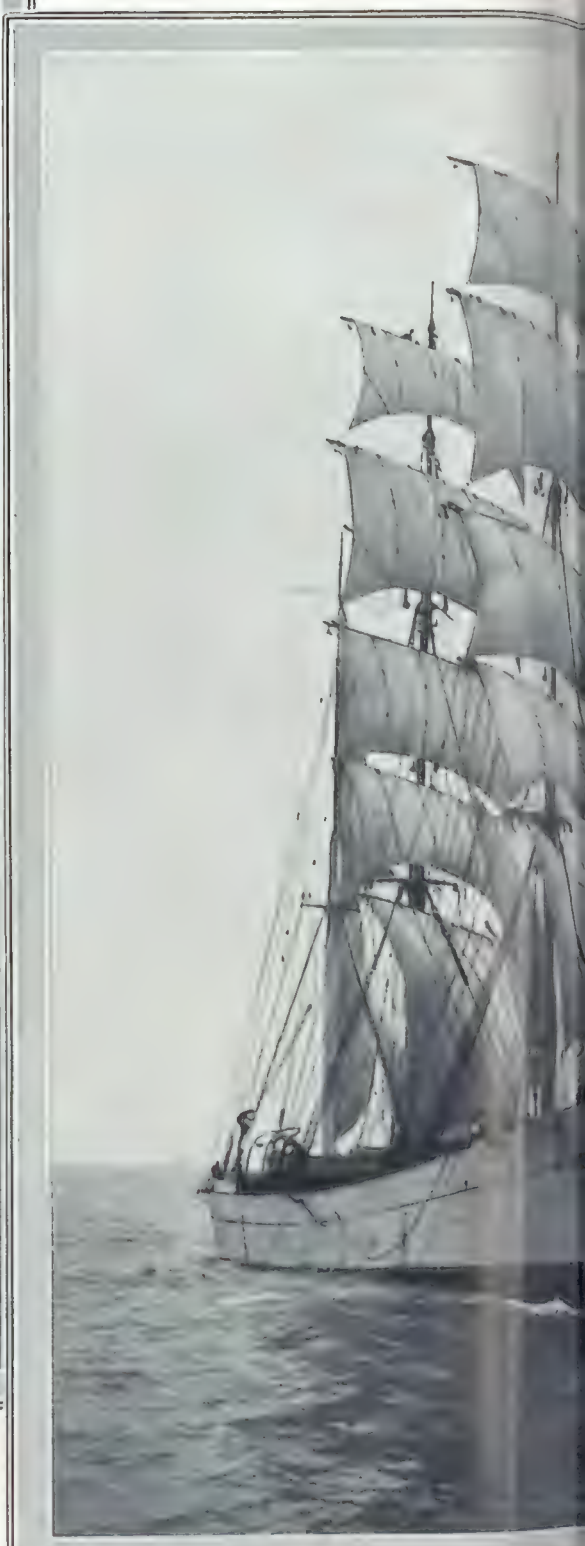
From water-colour drawings by GEORGE AYLING, recently on exhibition at the Royal Institute Show, Piccadilly

SHIPS THAT PASS: The sailing-ship in the mystery of the dusk

Travel on the Trade Winds, move with the Monsoon;
Sails a-belly in the breeze, close-reefed in the scud;
Canvas flapping idly in a calm-enchanted noon—
Anchor drops at last in beloved English mud

SAIL: A Be

ALL SAILS SET: "Herzogin Cecilie," the famous Finnish four-masted barque which, engaged in the wool trade, sails to and from Australia



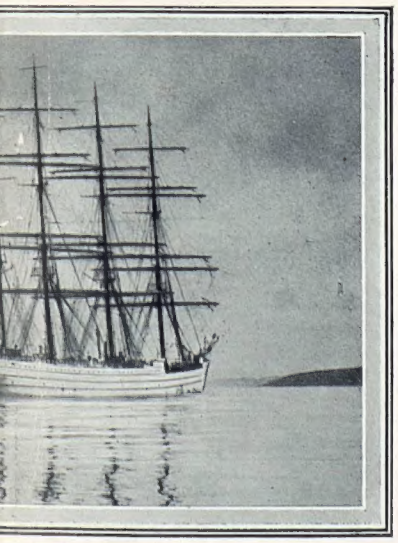
A NATIVE OF FINLAND: The barq
She is one of the few big sailing-ships st

A TRAINING SHIP OF ITALY:
"Cristoforo Colombo," which came to England last year for the Schneider Cup

PEACE AND WAR, YE
The Finnish "Herzogin
and H.M.S. "Ferret

auty and a Necessity

ıe "Favell" in the North Sea.
ill extant on the high seas



STERDAY AND TO-DAY:
Cecilie," with all sails furled,
" meet in the English seas

WITH TOPSAILS REEFED: The Russian four-master "Tovaristsch" making for port after a collision off Selsey Bill

There is to-day not one square-rigged ocean-going sailing-ship under the British flag. For the breeding of seamen and the maintenance of our maritime tradition, sailing ships must be maintained

By Lieut.-Commander the Hon. **J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.**

The romance of the sea is bound up with sailing-ships. The great feats of ocean discovery, including the early voyages to America, the attempts on the North-West Passage, and the opening of Asia and the East to commerce by way of the Cape of Good Hope, were all accomplished, and indeed only made possible, by developments in sailing-ships.

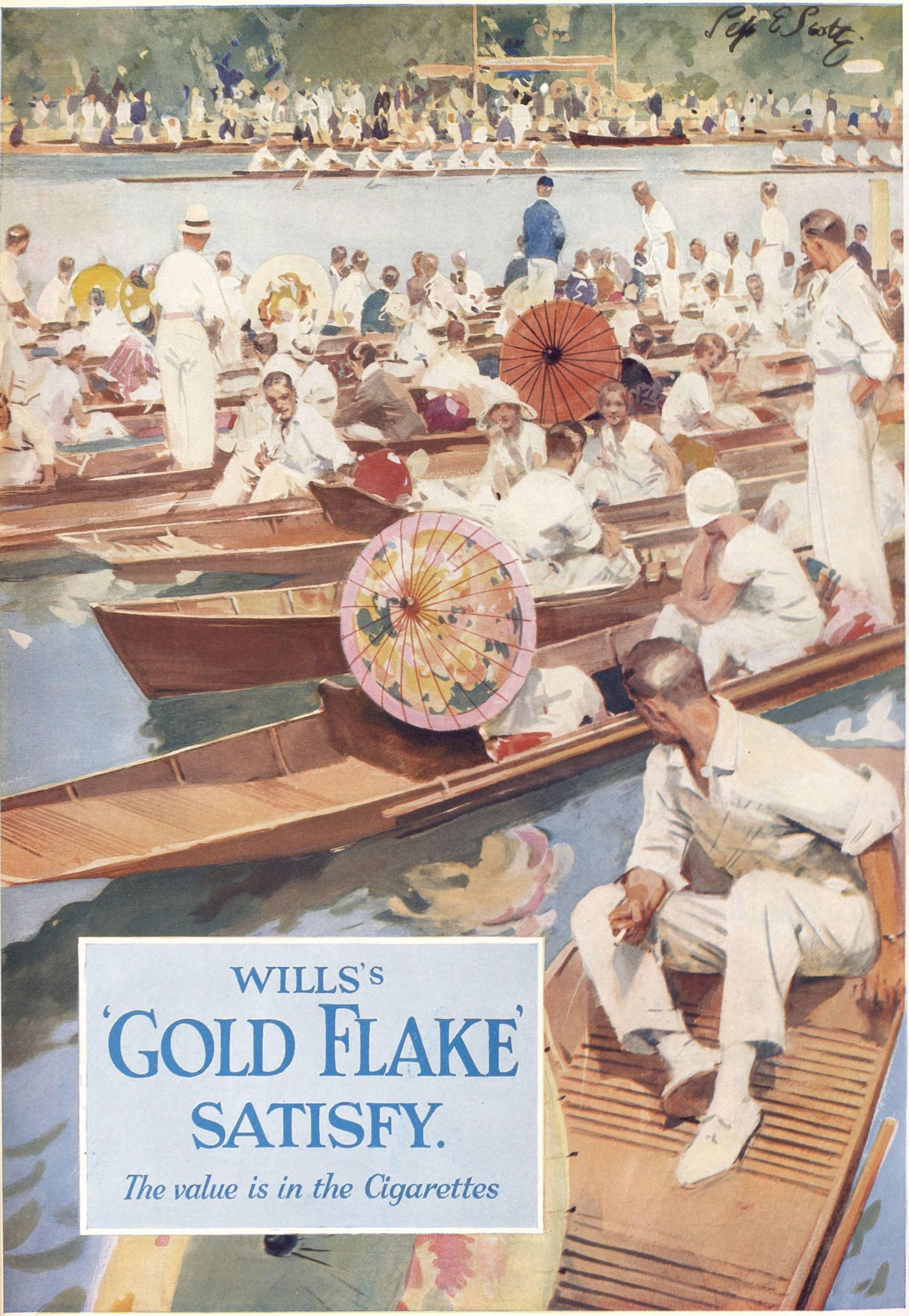
Sea power and ocean trade alike were first exercised and developed through the rowing galleys. But these were propelled by slave labour, and will always be associated in the human mind with intolerable misery and cruelty. Furthermore, even the ancient Phœnicians, the greatest galley-sailors of all times, made their voyages by hugging the coasts. The farthest to sea they ventured was the Cape Verde Islands, which they colonized from their West African possessions. It was in the fifteenth century that the Northern sailors in particular made such advances in naval architecture that they were able to build stout ships capable of making extended ocean voyages under sail alone. This was the beginning of a great period of exploration and world development, the second epoch in the expansion of civilization.

Until the coming of the steamship and her younger sister, the motor-ship, the third epoch in ocean navigation, the sailing-ship was supreme. British sailors held the undoubted lead for three centuries, the Golden Age of seamanship, both in naval warfare and in commercial navigation. If the Spanish produced their great sailing galleons, it was the English who developed and perfected the clipper-ship. The annual race home round the Cape of Good Hope of the tea-clippers, with the Indian and China tea crops, brought to the fore the finest and fastest types of square-rigged sailing-ships, and the most intrepid seamanship and navigation, that the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see.

We have a replica in miniature of this annual feat of seamanship at the present time in the yearly race home of the square-rigged sailing-ships carrying grain from the Australian market. This year a dozen ships competed. Alas! not one sailed under the Red Ensign in this ocean Marathon! Half-a-dozen foreign countries were represented, some of them with meagre nautical histories behind them, but there was no British ship sailing up-Channel under a press of canvas to "bring up" in Falmouth, where so many thousands of British ocean-going sailing-ships have made port in the past.

To-day there is not one square-rigged ocean-going sailing ship under the British flag. The last of them, the four-masted barque *Garthpool*, was wrecked in November of last year. There are thousands of small vessels under

(Continued on a later page)


WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY.
The value is in the Cigarettes

You'll never Know until you've Seen
BRITANNIA and EVE

Maybe your impression of a magazine is governed by what magazines used to be . . . Not so to-day. When you travel, when you want "something to read," at home, by the sea, just you get the July issue of BRITANNIA & EVE. You'll be astounded at the volume of its contents and beautiful production, for one shilling, but most of all we think you will be impressed by its harmony with the fiction, the affairs and the thought of this modern-day world.

The door opened suddenly, and a tall, thin, dissipated young man, with a bladder-of-lard face, strolled in, in a purple and silver brocade dressing-gown, dangling in one beautiful, pale hand a homely hot-water bottle.

"Bobs Burleigh!" said Martin Mulholland quickly. "And *not* delivered in a plain van," he added, grinning.

The pretty person on the divan sat up swiftly.

"Get out, Bobs," she snapped.

The immensely tall weed, who had a certain grace, perched himself deliberately on the corner of yet another divan, puffed and swollen with cushions. He swung the hot-water bottle negligently from one finger.

"Why should I? I'm her husband, aren't I?"

"Yes, aren't you," said Martin Mulholland brightly.

He didn't dare look at Avis. Avis didn't dare look at him. It was obvious to each of them that the other was re-thinking. They continued to smile amiably and negligently almost identical smiles reproduced in a cousinly way on a white face and a brown face.

Avis said suddenly, casually, softly, like a consultant with a mental case, nodding casually towards the lovely doll on the sofa, "And what did it cost you originally?"

He looked at Bobs Burleigh.

"Four thousand pounds. Every bean I had in the world."

In "DEAR THINGS ARE EXPENSIVE" by Christine Jope-Slade.

"NIGHT LIFE THE WORLD OVER," by Lady Drummond Hay.
"THE CAPTAIN HAD A DAUGHTER," by Beatrice Grimshaw.
"ROYAL ROMANCES," by Evelyn Graham.
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Mary, my Mary — If I might only come to you (Derek Oldham) B3046, 3/-

Merry Widow — Vilia — Dear love, my love (Lilian Davies) B3192, 3/-

I love the Moon — Jeunesse (Walter Glynne) B2761, 3/-

Slumber Boat — Perfect Day (National Cavaliers) B3142, 3/-

Model No. 15. Electrical Reproduction by Valve Amplification. Price in Walnut, £205. Panelled doors (to order) £10 extra.

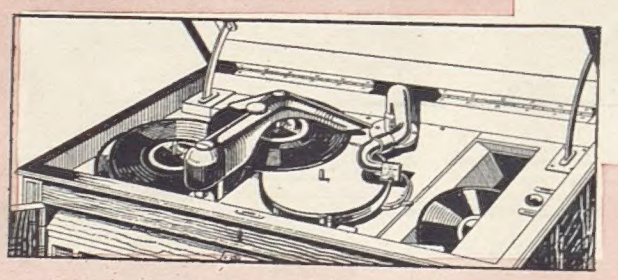

Diagram showing the mechanical "hand" (known as Feed Arm), which lifts a record and moves with it towards the revolving turntable.

Models 12 and 15 are Suitable for use with Alternating Current 100-120 or 200-240 volts, 40 to 60 Cycles. For Alternating Current other than the ranges specified, a static transformer is required. For Direct Current a separate converter is necessary. (Prices on application).

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